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CARRY NATION SPOOKS A MONTANA COWTOWN

By WALT COBURN

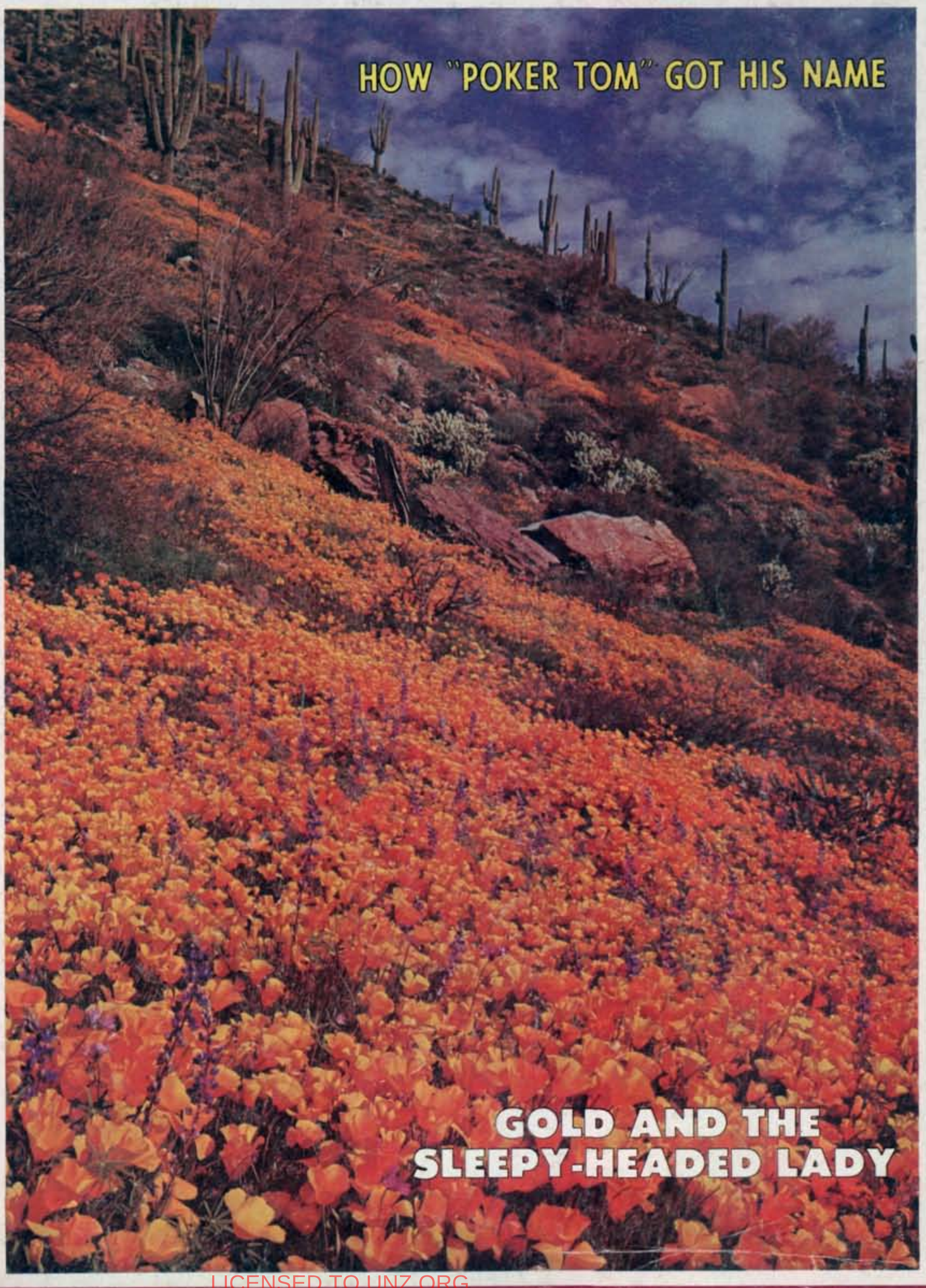
SAN FRANCISCO'S FIREBELL LILLIE

FEUDING WITH THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC

A RODEO CLOWN AND HIS DOG

LAST OF THE UMPQUA MOUNTAIN MEN

TALE OF THE BLOODY COTTONWOOD



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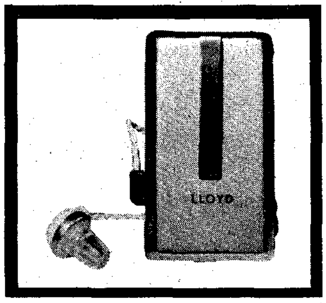

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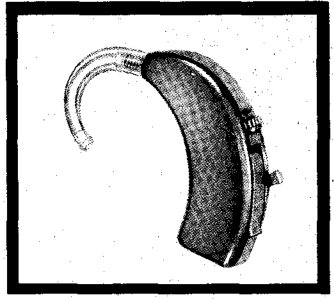

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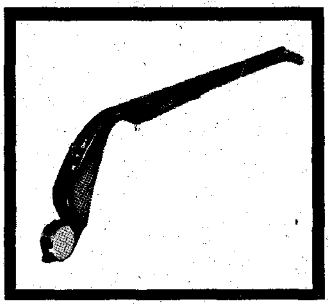

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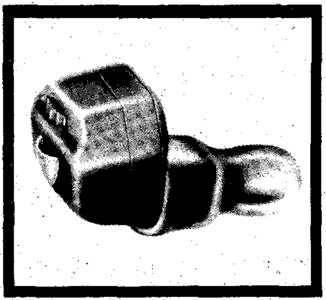

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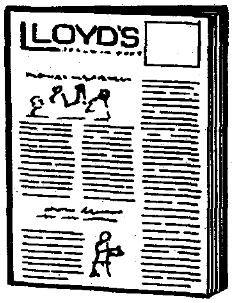

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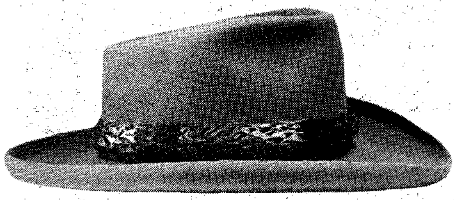
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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

April-May, 1975
Volume 49, No. 3
New Series No. 95

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Tonto National Monument—Arizona

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NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

TODAY is the 17th of January, the day I make my New Year's resolutions. I picked out that date years ago as one that would give me the best chance of carrying out what I promised myself to do or not to do.

Say I wanted to go on a diet—well, by January 17 there's not a crumb of cake or candy or so much as a turkey wing left in the house to tempt me. Say I wanted to quit running around nights (this was a resolution a *long* time ago!) where can you go after the middle of January? Everybody's already had their Christmas parties and New Year's Eve parties and paid off their social debts—and have also got bills for their Santa Claus debts which further discourage entertaining. A man picking out a day for making resolutions will have to go some to pick out a better day than January 17 A. D.!

So here's mine for 1975 and I'm going to make a real stab at following through: If I want to visit somebody or talk to somebody or just have an itch to get in touch, I'm not going to put it off.

For the last several years I've been losing an old friend or two along, and nearly always unexpected. In most cases I hadn't seen them in a long time, and in some cases I'd never seen them at all—except in the way you do in your mind after lots of letters and phone talk. And that's what I'm getting tired of, and what I've made a resolution about.

WALTER BRENNAN died last September. It never occurred to me he would *ever* die—or at least not soon—and it got me to thinking back to another Walt and how near the three of us came to getting together one time—but didn't.

When Walt Coburn finished his autobiography, he made the statement that "My life's work on this earth is finished." Like Hemingway and a number of other great authors, Walt had decided he had lived richly and long enough.

I will agree at least with the "richly" part. In his eighty-one years of living, Walt enjoyed some of the most fantastic experiences, made friends with a wide array of humanity and actually drank deeply from the old cup of life.

Even though I never met the man, my correspondence with him was an adventure in itself. I mentioned in a letter once that I would like to sit a spell with him and chew the rag. Back came a letter in a hurry saying that he was preparing for my visit. In a telephone conversation with Walter Brennan shortly thereafter I mentioned my proposed visit with Walt and Walter chirped excitedly. He told me that he would meet me there anytime that he wasn't on a picture—and that he only needed a couple of hours' notice.

Fred Harman, who did "Red Ryder" for many years and is now one of the country's top painters of Western subjects, was in Austin about that time and said that he would drop anything to be in on that confab. What a session that would have been! If they ever make an automatic butt-kicker, I'll buy the first two. Every time I think of the fact that I did not drop everything immediately, notify Walter Brennan and Fred Harman and make that trip to the Coburn ranch outside of Prescott, Arizona—I feel like I should be punished physically—I certainly have been punished mentally enough for not having arranged that get-together in time.

Back in 1967 when we ran "My Thirty Years as a Pulp Writer" I wrote an editorial about the old Western fiction writing as a whole and mentioned Walt Coburn as "King of the Western Pulps." The name stuck.

WHEN space is lacking and you need to cover a man's life in a few paragraphs, you are facing an impossible task. However, information given on the jacket of *Walt Coburn: Western Word Wrangler*, will have to do in case you do not get to read the book. It reads:

"Walt Coburn parlayed his ability to string words together into a position to be known as King of the Western Pulps. At the peak of his forty-year career, he wrote in excess of six hundred thousand words a year, all of which were published—a feat that stands alone in the field of western writing. He was a dynamo, a pure talent, and a hell-raising maverick. And even though he was all of those things, he was a quiet, gentle introvert. A paradox of humanity, he left his brand on all who came near him and some who didn't.

"He spent his boyhood summers on the ranch his father owned near Malta, Montana, and each fall saw the family return to their big house in Great Falls, three blocks from Charlie Russell's studio. After high school, Walt headed for San Francisco and a year of prep school, parties and drinking sprees with Stanford fraternity men. Thrown out of Stanford before ever being accepted, Walt

(*Continued on page 42*)

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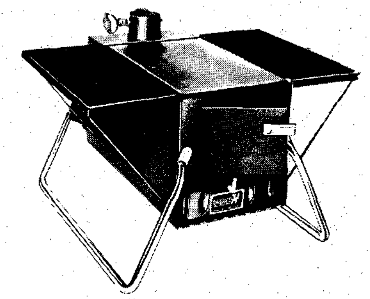

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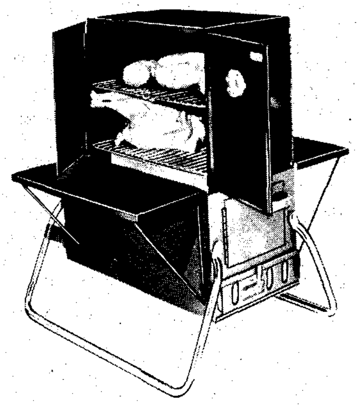

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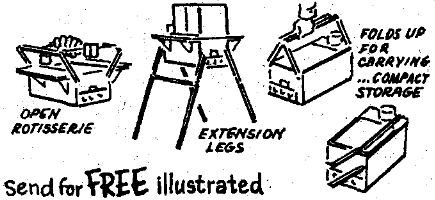
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FRONTIER POST

Talk of the Town

We were really surprised to find "Life on an Idaho Cattle Ranch" by Butch Clark in your July, 1974 FRONTIER TIMES. The few paragraphs about Ferry Larter, a cousin of Butch Clark, were the conversation of our small town for a few weeks, and friends were buying up that July issue. The story is a true one.—Mrs. Ferry Larter, Star Route, Mackay, Idaho 83251

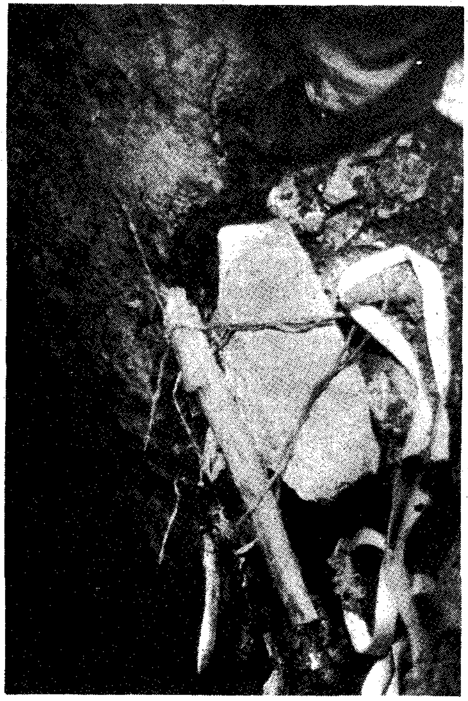
Queets Valley Coincidence

I just got back from a hunting trip, and one of the first things I did was pick up my January '75 issue of FRONTIER TIMES. What caught my eye was the story of the Old Queets Valley Settlement, and the first paragraph of that story. This may be just a coincidence, but back in 1939 my partner, Lawrance Stevens, and I were going up in those parts to look for trapping country. While driving my old Model A along the road somewhere in that area, I was nearly run off the road by a large logging truck. When I got through cussing, Lawrance told me it was permissible to take out dead and down timber from the government lands. I told him that the log we had just seen was no dead log. I pulled over off the road and went back in the woods to see what was going on. The company (I don't know the name) was cutting a lot of the big timber, trees up to seven or eight feet in diameter.

After looking over our trapping area we went back to Shelton, Washington and stopped at a friend's place and told him what had happened, then picked up our traps and went home for the winter.

Next spring when we came by, there wasn't a logging truck anywhere. We mentioned this to our friend and he said that after we left him, he got to thinking about what we had said, so he sat down and wrote a personal letter to President Roosevelt. About two weeks later a couple of men came and asked him what we had told him. From what I learned later, they went up and checked on things and shut down the whole operation. I found out later on a lot of that area was turned into a national park.

During that winter of 1939 and '40 my pard and I traveled that whole stretch from Lapush south to the Hoh River, sometimes on the beach and part way inland. We camped most of the time on Goodman Creek. I found lots of places where the Indians had made big dugout canoes. There were still some there half completed. There's one place in there where I found a two-story mansion, along with parts of a drilling rig. There was also a schoolhouse with the old-style two-seater desks. The roof had caved in on the schoolhouse, but the mansion was still in good condition. There were a lot of engineering papers dating back in the 1880s and a couple of the first *Popular Mechanics* magazines issued, but I couldn't bring anything out with me at that time and have never had a chance to get back since.—Arthur H. Pederson, 506 E. Street, Chula Vista, California 92010



The ladder left by Jim White in Deep Hole, description in Mr. Carpenter's letter.

Deep Hole

In 1929 I went through Carlsbad Caverns, which was twenty-eight years after cowboy Jim White found that underground wonderland. At that time the guano bucket entrance was a thing of the past and a wooden stairway was being used, while elevators were a luxury of the future. Electric lights had been added in 1928, so the tourist trails were well lighted.

White's benefits from the Caverns were small, so in the 1930s he explored other caves in the Guadalupe Mountains. In one cave, known locally as Deep Hole, he left a homemade twisted wire ladder with mesquite rungs and a kerosene lantern, similar to equipment used in his 1901 explorations.

Relatives living in the area told me about Deep Hole, and some years later I went into the cave with experienced spelunkers. The old ladder and lantern were still there. We went down a winding, steep entrance to an anchor holding the wired mesquite rungs, where I tied on a safety rope and made a scary 180-foot descent, the last part being a vertical drop-off in the clear for about 100 feet. The wire was rusty and a few rungs were broken or missing, so most of the party rappelled or used prussik knots. It was a thrill to climb the same ladder Jim built, and there in the rubble on the main floor was a crushed lantern.

Recently, I wondered if those relics were still there. Had time, weather and vandals taken their toll? Via camper, trail bike and backpack I found my way back to Deep Hole. By straining arthritic joints, I lowered myself on a ninety-foot nylon line and came again to the top of White's wire ladder. By flashlight I could see below where it went over the last ledge down to the hundred-foot drop.

Recent rains created constant drips on the slippery rocks, so I had trouble locating a place for camera, tripod and footing in order to take the slide I am sending. Because my strobe was faulty, I had to use a time shot and "paint" the wire, rungs and 3/4 bolt anchor with my flashlight. Rather wild photo work under the circumstances! The anchor bolt can be seen inside the nylon loop.

I was pleased to find White's handiwork almost intact after all these years. The generally dry climate and remote area has helped preserve the past. Following the spelunker's creed, I left only tracks and took only pictures. What about the old lantern? With just ninety feet of line—call me chicken!—Roy F. Carpenter, 1817 Pulliam, San Angelo, Texas 76901

Indian Jack Hart, Dead at 102

Having been a subscriber to your magazines for many years, I thought it might be of interest to other readers to know that Indian Jack Hart died here in Las Vegas in late September 1974.

About twenty-five friends attended the funeral, and some had known him for many years, but portions of his life remained a mystery. Benny Binion had known him for forty years. Binion put Hart, whose sight and health had failed, in a rest home a few months before and was taking care of his expenses. Binion was surprised to find himself mentioned in Hart's will.

Jack Hart was born January 25, 1872 in Oologah, Oklahoma, and was sixty-five before there was Social Security. He never collected any federal funds of any kind, yet he never seemed broke and always was generous in loans to cowboys.

He was in rodeos and cowboyed about the turn of the century, and worked the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, Pawnee Bill Wild West Show, and 101 Ranch Wild West Show. John Wayne attended his one-hundredth birthday celebration, and Jack Hart played a small part in "The Great American Cowboy." He lived a long and free life, roaming wherever he wanted to and everyone considered him a quiet, good, easy kind of guy.—W. D. Fox, 3009 Austin Avenue, Las Vegas, Nevada 89107

Bisbee Miner

"Bisbee—The Queen of Copper" in the January FRONTIER TIMES was of special interest to me. Back in 1927 I worked as a miner's helper in the old Junction Mine (C & A) in Lowell, an annex to Bisbee. My job was on the fifteenth level and my boss was Joe Benko. I was only eighteen then, but I managed to convince the employment manager, a Mr. Murphy, that I was a few years older. That was forty-seven years ago and my first try at mining. I was just a green farm lad from Michigan's upper peninsula, but I knew hard work and had an adventurous spirit to go along with it.

My senior partner was Parley McCrae, an old-timer from the early days when mining flourished in the Bisbee area. He used to relate what life was like in those boisterous, rough-and-tumble days. Parley at one time had served as peace officer in that boom copper district. He showed me scars he had accumulated from tangling with the lawless element.

I hope to visit Bisbee again some day, but I know that much of that area has changed except for a few landmarks that I might recognize.—August Karvonen, Mass, Michigan 49948

Rose Marie Smith Remembered

Rose Marie Smith died September 23, 1974. Rose and I worked together, traveled together, and were associated for the last fifty-two years. We both accepted familiar honors attained here, there, and everywhere. We were together several times at the Cheyenne Frontier Days, Madison Square Garden, the Pendleton Roundup, Calgary Stampede, and others.

Her husband, Oklahoma Curley, who rated among the highest, passed away several years ago. After having retired from show business many years ago, Rose worked for Western Union here in Los Angeles, California for twenty-six years.—Bonnie Jean Gray, 429 W. Alameda Avenue, Burbank, California 91506

Glad to Help Out

I enjoyed reading "Queen of the Utah Gold Camps" by George A. Thompson in the July issue. Extra copies were ordered for friends since I didn't intend to risk lending my copy. Thank you for information we've been trying to find ever since we've been here.—Roger Simon, P. O. Box 162, Monroe, Utah 84754

Evergreen Cemetery

Our group, HELP, was most interested in your article on Evergreen Cemetery in the November 1974 issue. We wish to thank you for calling attention to our lovely resting place in Santa Cruz for our pioneers.

While I don't know your time lapse between receipt of a story and the publication date, I would guess it would be six months or so. HELP (*H*elp *E*vergreen *L*ive *P*ermanently), was founded in February 1974. As you will note from the enclosed material, we have been very active. We have had over $1,500 cash in donations, and we have not yet solicited funds, nor had a fund raising. We are starting a fund raising this month; please see the enclosed sheet regarding "Adopt a Pioneer." We have received over $1,000 worth of material donated to us from local merchants to help with the restoration project. It has been used mainly to restore paths, thus enabling us to get to some of the sites that have not been accessible before.

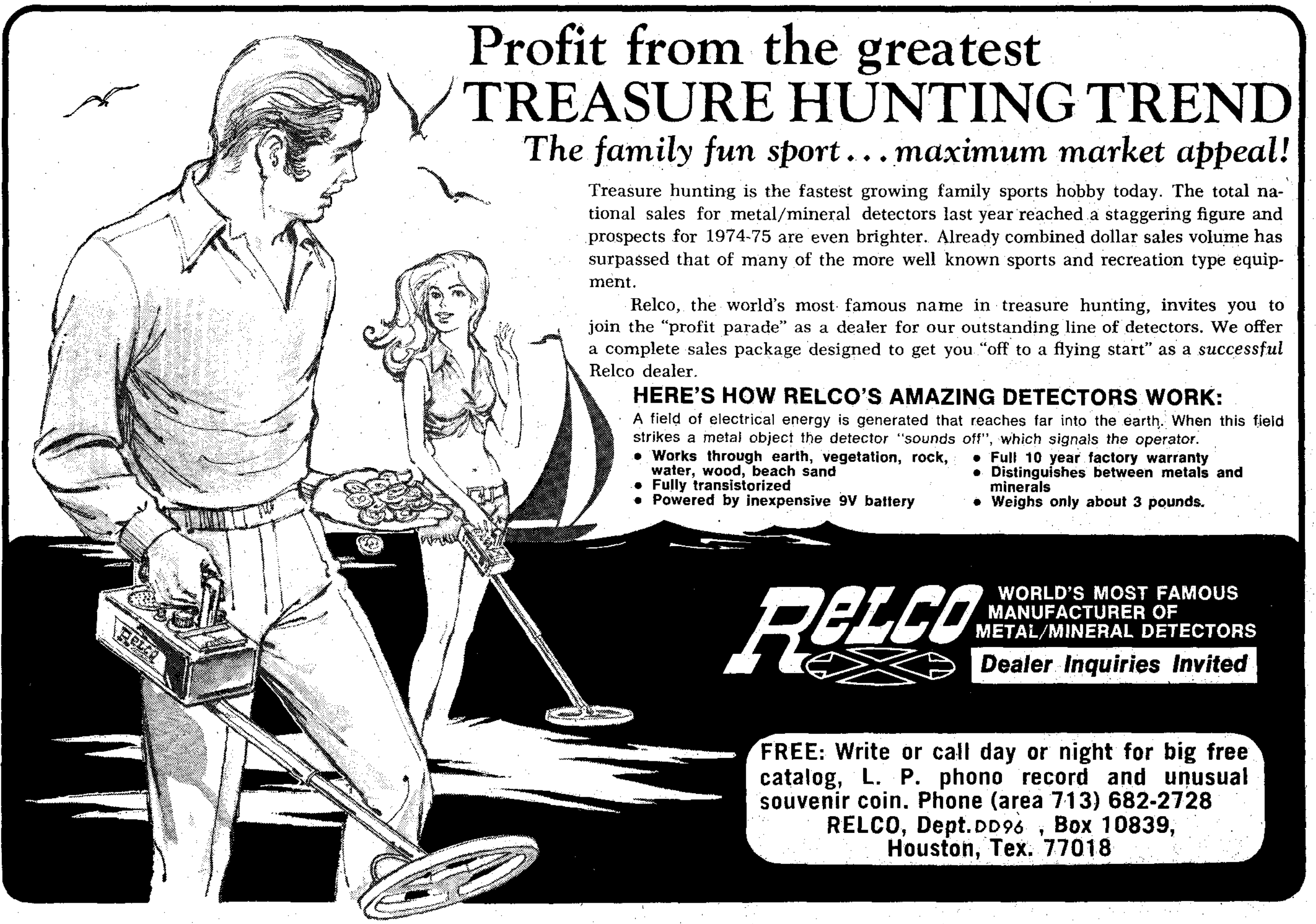
HELP knows it will be a long, hard road to bring the cemetery up to what we feel it should be, but with the enthusiasm we have received from the community, I'm sure we will eventually have the lovely sylvan hillside setting our New England pioneers envisioned when they founded Evergreen.

We would like to make note of a few mistakes in the article. While we do say Julia Arcan died in 1850, we can't positively state she was buried at that time in Evergreen Cemetery. Our research this past year of the old deeds at the county courthouse showed the deed was signed in 1858. We have seventeen persons, who died between 1850 and 1858, buried in Evergreen, but we have been able to prove positively that only one, Harry (Henry) Speal (Speel), was laid to rest there before the deed was signed. We are still researching to see if others were buried on ranches, in home burial plots, or in the early Methodist Church Cemetery.

The councilman mentioned in the article was Joseph Skirm, not Skiro.

Regarding the Chinese Section, this

(Continued on page 54)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MAN AND HORSE

The Horse Through Fifty Centuries of Civilization (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $25.00) is by Anthony Dent, horse breeder and historian. It is a beauty—printed in Italy—with 236 illustrations including 32 in color. The pictorial coverage is excellent beginning with the reproduction of the cave paintings and extending through the art of such American illustrators as Catlin, Miller, Remington and Russell. The author traces the close relationship between man and the horse through five thousand years. This reviewer found the chapters on the "Horsemen of the Steppes," "Dealing and Stealing" (including tricks and cheats used by jockeys) and "The Frontier" (with much on Western equipment) of particular interest. "The Horseman's Word" (a segment of the chapter "The Horse in the Railway Age") gives a brief history of an old and unique institution, the "Society of Horsemen" on the eastern side of Great Britain. A form of the oath taken by the horsemen (grooms and drivers for the gentry, wagoners and ploughmen) is reproduced and is strange indeed and quite similar to those used by most secret fraternal groups. A few of the last members, all upward of seventy, are still alive in Britain—the remnant of a society that may have existed for nearly three hundred years. Such footnotes to history plus much horse lore make for entertaining reading. Recommended.

MOSTLY SIX-GUNS

Footprints in the Indian Nations (Helen Starr Thrasher, P. O. Box 698, Choctaw, Oklahoma 73030, $8.00) was written by Helen Starr and O. E. Hill. The edition is of 1000 numbered copies signed by both authors and bound in attractive Fabrikoid. The chapters, "Tom Starr, the Devil's Step-child," "The Hanging Judge and the Scoundrel's Scoundrel" (Attorney J. Warren Reed), "Life and Death of Crazy Snake" (Creek), "The Bloody Nighthawks" (Cherokee), "They All Died with Their Boots On" (the Brooks), "The Many Faces of the Kituwah" (Cherokee), and "Bud Ledbetter—A Special Breed" deal with some of the events in the Nation when the gun was king. The book is illustrated with four pages of photos.

GOOD LOCAL HISTORY

Local history has always been the basis for area, state, regional and national history. The saga of a town, city or county written by the residents, mostly strictly amateurs, may often lack polish but it is stuff of which history is made. *Montana Genesis* (Stevensville Historical Society, Route 1, Box 165, Stevensville, Montana 59870, $8.50) is the product of the Society with the editorial assistance of Mrs. Prescott Hackett, formerly with the University of Chicago Press. This is a very worthy example of good research into the past of their community by the members of the Society, and the writing is better than adequate. They had plenty to write about—Stevensville was the first permanent settlement in Montana; St. Mary's Mission (1841) was the first church and first school; Stevensville settlers grew the first grain and ground the first flour; sawed the first timber; planted the first fruit trees and introduced irrigation. The book is enhanced with numerous photos, an introduction by Dr. K. Ross Toole, selected references and an index. Recommended.

AUTHOR ESSAYS

Western Writing (University of New Mexico Press, $3.50) is a series of essays by famous western authors in which they discuss their craft, regionalism and historical writing. In spite of the fantasies and distortions, great historical and fictional works have been produced about the West and will continue to be written. The writings are scholarly dissertations intended for other writers and students, but much is included of interest to Western Buffs. Examples are J. Frank Dobie's "The Writer and His Region" written in 1949, full of gems such as, "Happiness is a state of being in harmony with one's environment"; Wallace Stegner analyzes his *The Preacher and the Slave*, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, *The Gathering of Zion*, and *Wolf Willow;* and J. Golden Taylor gives a list of forty representative short stories on the Indians, mountain men, troopers, treasure seekers, entrepreneurs and gamblers, outlaws and lawmen, cowboys and horsemen, ranchers and homesteaders, farmers and townspeople, hunters and hunted, and the contemporary Westerners—an excellent reading list.

BUFFALO BOOK

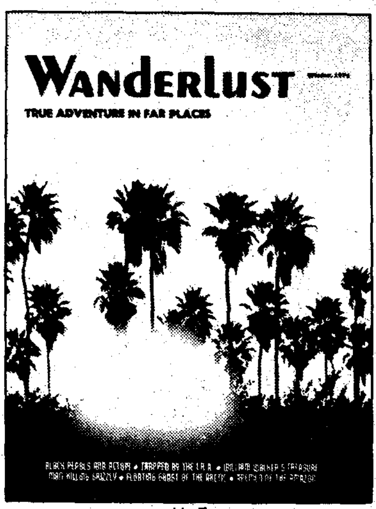
Tom McHugh wrote *The Time of the Buffalo* (Knopf, $10.00) with the assistance of Victoria Hobson. The book is an expansion of McHugh's doctorate study at the University of Wisconsin. The most entertaining chapters are those about his personal observations of the herds in Yellowstone (three summers), Jackson Hole Wildlife Park, and Wind Cave National Park. In the opening chapters the author dwells on the importance of the buffalo to the Plains Indians, in the closing chapters on the efforts to save the buffalo from extinction. The illustrations include one by Russell and a number of fine photos by the author, the principal cameraman for Walt Disney's *The Vanishing Prairie* and *White Wilderness* and the cameraman-director of over two hundred television documentaries. There is a lengthy bibliography and an index. Worthwhile.

FLORIDA FRONTIERS

Yesterday's Florida (E. A. Seemann Publishing, Inc., $12.95) by Nixon Smiley is No. 1 in Seemann's Historic States Series. Florida with its Indian heritage and influence of Spanish, French, and English which predates the Pilgrim fathers is a fitting choice for the first of the series. Over 500 photos depict Florida's history from the time of Spanish discovery until modern times. Indian wars, cattle ranching, logging with oxen, and the beginning of tourism were early developments in this unique state. Many early writers recorded impressions of Florida including William and John Bartram in the 1760s and 1770s, John J. Audubon in the 1830s and later, Harriett Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* who recorded her Florida impressions in *Palmetto Leaves*. Frederic Remington painted real cowmen as shown in his Florida Cowboys in the Arcadia area. Their ponies descended from the same stock as the Spanish ponies of the Plains. Florida's climate, soils, vegetation, and bird and animal life attracted people and her frontiers were pushed back as railroads and roads increased. One of the fastest growing states, Florida not only has huge metropolitan centers, but much open space is still devoted to horses, cattle, wildlife, citrus and truck farming. Many of the photos, events, and transitions are reminiscent of the American West which really began with Columbus.

THE WISEST BIRD?

All you have ever wanted to know (and maybe more) about owls is included in the authoritative guide, *The Book of Owls* (Knopf, $12.50) by Lewis Wayne Walker. This reviewer met the author at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, where he was associate director 1954-1970. His long-time love affair with owls began in his native Long Island and continued through his professional career including stops in Colorado and at the Natural History Museum in San Diego. His book is strong on scientific information summarized from the available reports of his fellow ornithologists but greatly enhanced by the personal observations of probably the greatest "owl watcher" of all time. All major North American species—Barn, Screech, Horned, Snowy, Hawk, Pygmy, Elf, Burrowing, Spotted, Great Grey, Long-eared. Short-eared and Saw-Whet—are included with information on nesting methods, hours of activity, calls and food habits of each. The charm of the book is in the first person accounts of his discoveries about this amazing bird. The 94 photographs and a map supplement the text. A great book.



— #5 —

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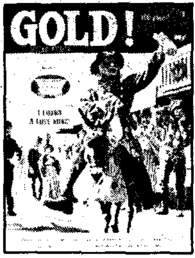

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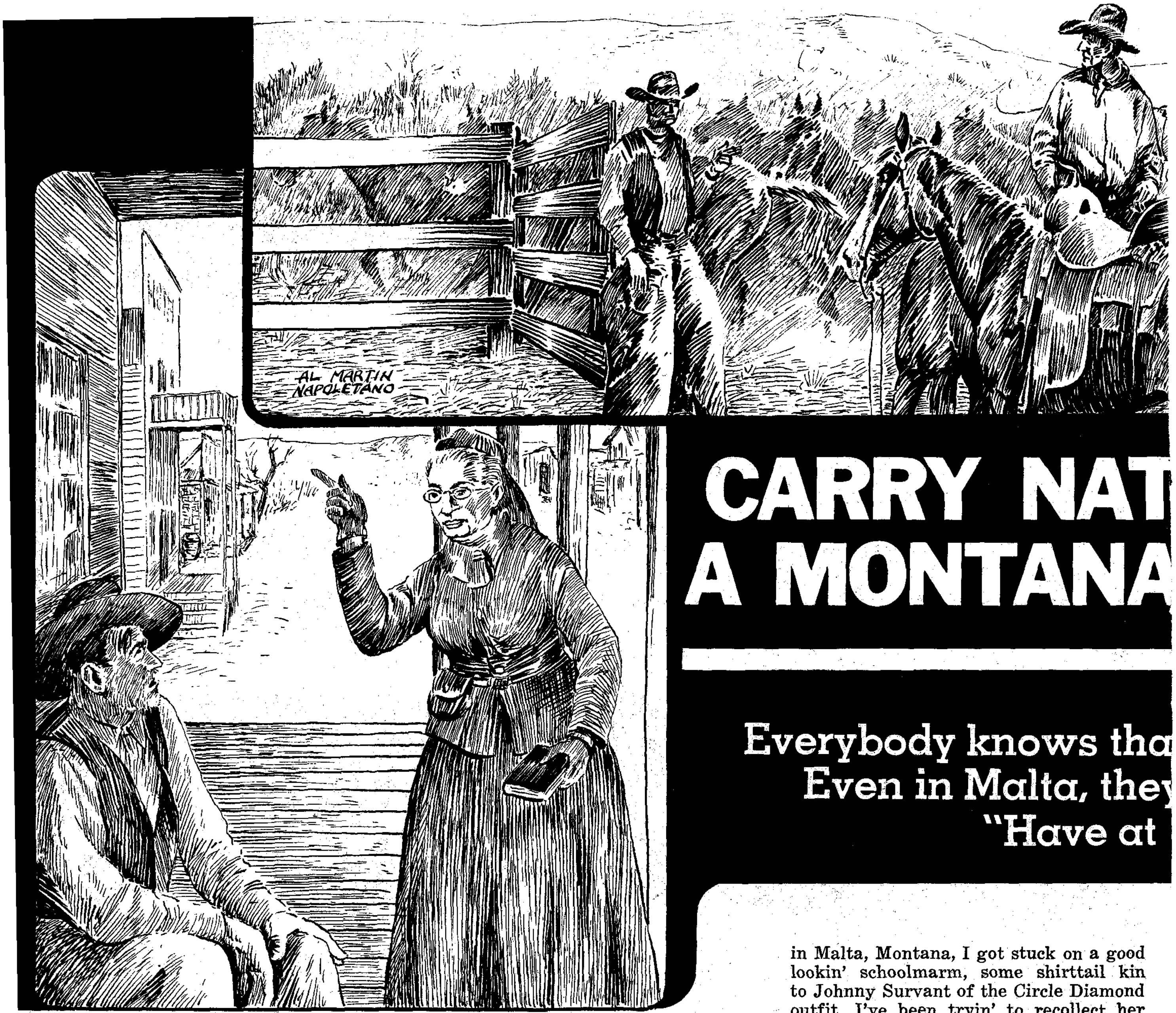


CARRY NAT
A MONTANA

Everybody knows tha
Even in Malta, the
"Have at

BY WALT COBURN

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THE SPRING calf roundup of the 76 outfit in the Cypress Hills of Canada wound up its work near the headquarters home ranch on the first of July. Doc Corrigan, the tall six-foot, black-haired wagon boss of the 76, was watching the various reps from the Montana outfits rope out their strings of horses inside the rope corral and tying their tarp-covered roundup beds with a diamond hitch on their pack horses. There was a faint grin on Corrigan's face, whose usually clean jawline was marred by a stubble of wiry whiskers, as he sat straddle of the bed wagon tongue twisting a cigarette into shape.

Big Frank Howe, the Circle C rep from Montana, walked over to where the 76 wagon boss sat, and said, "Us reps are all set and rearin' to head back across the Canadian line for home sweet home. Why don't you come along, Doc, to renew old acquaintances at Malta? Hell, after all's said and done you're full-blooded American and you belong in Montana. You got nothin' to do until fall. You might as well come along with us boys."

"You reps must be mind readers," said Doc Corrigan. "All the time you were ropin' out your strings of horses I had it made to blow the stink of the Cypress Hills outa my system. Last time I was in Malta, Montana, I got stuck on a good lookin' schoolmarm, some shirttail kin to Johnny Survant of the Circle Diamond outfit. I've been tryin' to recollect her name but all I remember is the color of her hair. I'd shore like to see her again."

So Doc Corrigan turned the outfit over to his straw boss and about an hour later the mess wagon and bed wagon were loaded and on their way to the 76 headquarters ranch. Walt Deegan, one of the 76 top hands, and Ken Riley, son of Senator Riley who owned a large spread on High River, were piloting the wagons. All the 76 cowhands were planning to attend the Calgary Stampede the first week in July.

As soon as the 76 outfit was on its way Doc Corrigan and the Montana reps rode along behind the sizeable remuda headed south for the Canadian border and Montana. The only sounds were the shod hoofs of the horses, the faint creak of saddle leather, the bell-like music of spur rowels, and the chiming of horse

ON SPOOKS
COWTOWN

cowboys are gallant.
old the axe-lady to
er, Ma'am!"

bells strapped to the necks of half a dozen leaders in the remuda. The faint odor of sweet grass, the pungent smell of cypress and sagebrush perfumed the air.

"MEBBE we should have headed for the Calgary Stampede," Charlie Stuart, rep for the DHS outfit, broke the silence. "Only thing is I'm flat broke."

"That goes double for yours truly," said Letch Lemon, the Circle Diamond rep.

"Includin' me," said Harry Green, rep for the Shonkin Pool.

"Likewise," said Wash Lampkin, rep for the Milner Square.

"Me, too," said Tom McDonald, rep for the Bear Paw Pool.

"And that goes for me," announced Dunc MacDonald, rep for McNamara and Marlow.

"All hands," agreed Frank Howe, rep for the Circle C, "are badly bent or empty-pocketed. Our credit is good at every saloon in Malta, but ain't worth a five-cent beer check in any Calgary bar where the saloonkeepers are all strangers." He cut a jaundiced eye at Doc Corrigan and said, "And don't forget about that schoolmarm, Doc."

Howe tilted his head and began to sing in a slightly nasal voice: "O that gal, that purty little gal, that gal I left behind me!"

"Save it, Howe" Letch Lemmon advised. "Wait till we get to Big Casino's Dance Hall, with Piano Joe ticklin' the ivories."

"Right you are, Letch." Howe agreed, slapping at a swarm of mosquitoes. "A cultivated warble like mine needs a shot of booze to cut the phlegm and a beer chaser to cool the pipes."

Thus the cowhands poorawed one another. They all wore faded green mosquito netting for hat bands which they rolled down across their faces, wiping with gloved hands at the mosquitoes on the necks of their horses, with the long tails of all horses twitching continuously.

When the cowpunchers with their remuda reached Malta they turned the horses into a fenced-in pasture along Milk River and left their bedrolls at the livery barn. They would pay for the privilege of unrolling their roundup beds in the saddle and harness room by helping the barn man with his chores, thus saving the price of a hotel room.

Fortified by a few drinks, they bought new clothes at the Malta Mercantile, and got the works at the barber shop, including hot soapy baths. Emerging an hour or so later, freshly bathed and shaved and wearing new clothes, they made the rounds of the saloons where they wrote I.O.Us for the back wages they had coming. Their hard-earned money was soon making its way over bars and poker tables and at Big Casino's dance hall.

Doc Corrigan's quest for the little schoolmarm with the strawberry roan hair had come to a sad ending. Someone informed the 76 wagon boss that she had married a well-to-do sheepman and was the proud mother of two children. For two nights the 76 wagon boss had not slept. His bedroll in the saddle room at the livery barn had not been opened. In the tipsy company of the reps with whom he had ridden to Malta, and other cowhands in town, he had traveled high, wide and handsome. They had rambled in and rambled out the swinging half-doors of every saloon, buying drinks for the house and playing no favorites, until they had run out of credit.

Now Doc Corrigan, all alone in the gray light of dawn on the morning after, sat in front of the Last Chance Saloon, straddle of a six-foot bench near the saloon entrance on the deserted Main Street. Doc was hung over and half sick. He'd managed to hang and rattle until he was the last and only survivor of that hard-drinking gang of cowhands. One by one Doc had drunk them all under the table.

He began to take stock of himself. He ran the palm of a calloused hand over the black stubble along his jaw. His new shirt was soiled and wrinkled and a faint nausea soured his empty belly. And along with his man-sized hangover came a feeling of sadness and depression. The Curse of the Black Irish, Doc's old man had called it. Doc needed a pint to sober up on but he was broke and had run out of credit, and his cowpuncher pride kept him from begging a drink.

The mournful wail of a distant locomotive whistle echoed in his empty, sad and lonesome thoughts. He reached into his shirt pocket for the makings and rolled a Bull Durham cigarette, watching the passenger train that ground slowly to a stop, the conductor going into the station for his orders, the mail clerks tossing mail sacks on the plank platform, the brakeman swinging his lantern in the gray light of dawn, the locomotive taking on coal and water, and the Negro porter helping a lady with a black satchel down the train steps.

DOC CORRIGAN, straddle of what he called the mourner's bench, in front of the Last Chance Saloon, his hat slanted across his bleary eyes, a cigarette hanging from a corner of his mouth, stared at the woman who was now headed across the wide cinder path from the depot, walking slowly as if sizing up the cowtown of Malta and not liking what she saw.

She was a fairly tall, rawboned, yet buxom-breasted woman, wearing eyeglasses, dressed in a dark double-breasted mackintosh and dark bonnet with a black veil that hung down her back. A pocketbook on a leather strap was around her waist. In one black-gloved hand she carried a large book, a black satchel in the other. Even at a distance, Doc Corrigan thought, there was something formidable and belligerent about the woman. He had never seen a female preacher but this woman was the type.

When she spied Doc Corrigan she headed in his direction, quickening her purposeful stride. Before Doc had a chance to get away she halted alongside the bench and put the satchel down, then her gloved hand reached suddenly out to take the half-smoked cigarette from his mouth.

"Coffin nail!" The woman spat out the words like a bitter taste. "Coffin nail!" she repeated. "The ruination of young manhood! And your breath stinks of vile whiskey. For shame! A handsome young man like you going to the dogs, doomed to a drunkard's grave in the prime of life!"

The woman held the black leather-bound book toward Doc. "This is the Holy Bible," she proclaimed. "Its scriptures condemn the curse of drink. Repent the mortal sin of drunkenness, young man! Repent, before it's too late!"

"Yes, ma'am." Doc Corrigan managed to get to his feet and taking off his hat, bowed stiffly.

"Perhaps," she spoke in a different tone of voice, "you have heard of Carry Nation?"

"Yes, ma'am," Doc Corrigan nodded solemnly.

"I am Carry Nation," she declared.

"I'm shore pleased to meet you, ma'am," Doc spoke fervently as he eyed the woman with newly awakened interest, wiping away the start of a grin with the palm of his hand. This was one for the book, something to talk about when he got back to the 76 outfit.

"Is there anything I can do for you ma'am?" The gift of blarney was in his voice.

"Indeed there is, young man. There's plenty you can do to help in the work I am doing in the name of God. But before you assist me in my mission here, you must above all things save yourself from the curse of drunkenness. Repent!"

"Whatever you say, ma'am," Doc replied meekly.

Carry Nation fingered the wide white silk ribbon pinned to her coat, and proclaimed, "I organized the Women's Christian Temperance Union against the evils of liquor. During my crusade throughout the United States I have been arrested many times and put in jail. I have been stoned and shot at, but that has never halted me in my fight against the demon rum." She paused a long moment to stare at Doc with a calculating eye. "Are you willing," she asked, "to forego the evils of drink?"

"Yes, ma'am," Corrigan nodded his head emphatically, unsure of the meaning of the word "forego" and making mental reservations. The shape he was now in, hung over, sick and sorry, he was plumb willing to swear off for a while.

"Place your right hand on the Bible, young man," said Carry Nation. "Repeat after me 'I do hereby solemnly pledge to forego the evils of drink. So help me God.' "

Doc placed his right hand on the Bible and repeated the words, after which Carry Nation pinned a silk ribbon to his unbuttoned vest that was stained and spotted with spilled whiskey and beer. She then took a short-handled hatchet from her satchel and said she was now ready to go about her task of destroying saloons.

"Your job is to protect a defenseless woman from all harm." She motioned toward the Colt .45 shoved into the waist of Doc's new but soiled Levi's.

"Lead on, ma'am! I'll guarantee to keep 'em off your back!" There was an amused glint in his eyes as he anticipated what was about to happen.

"Where can I leave my satchel?" the woman asked.

"I'll put it under the mourners' bench, ma'am. It will be safe there," Doc assured her.

"The mourners' bench?" There was a quizzical note to her firm voice.

"Where the drunks sit and sweat out their sins," Doc replied with a grin.

"A fitting appellation," Carry Nation agreed. Whereupon she shouldered through the swinging half-doors of the Last Chance, hatchet in one hand, Bible in the other. "Come along," she called back across her shoulder.

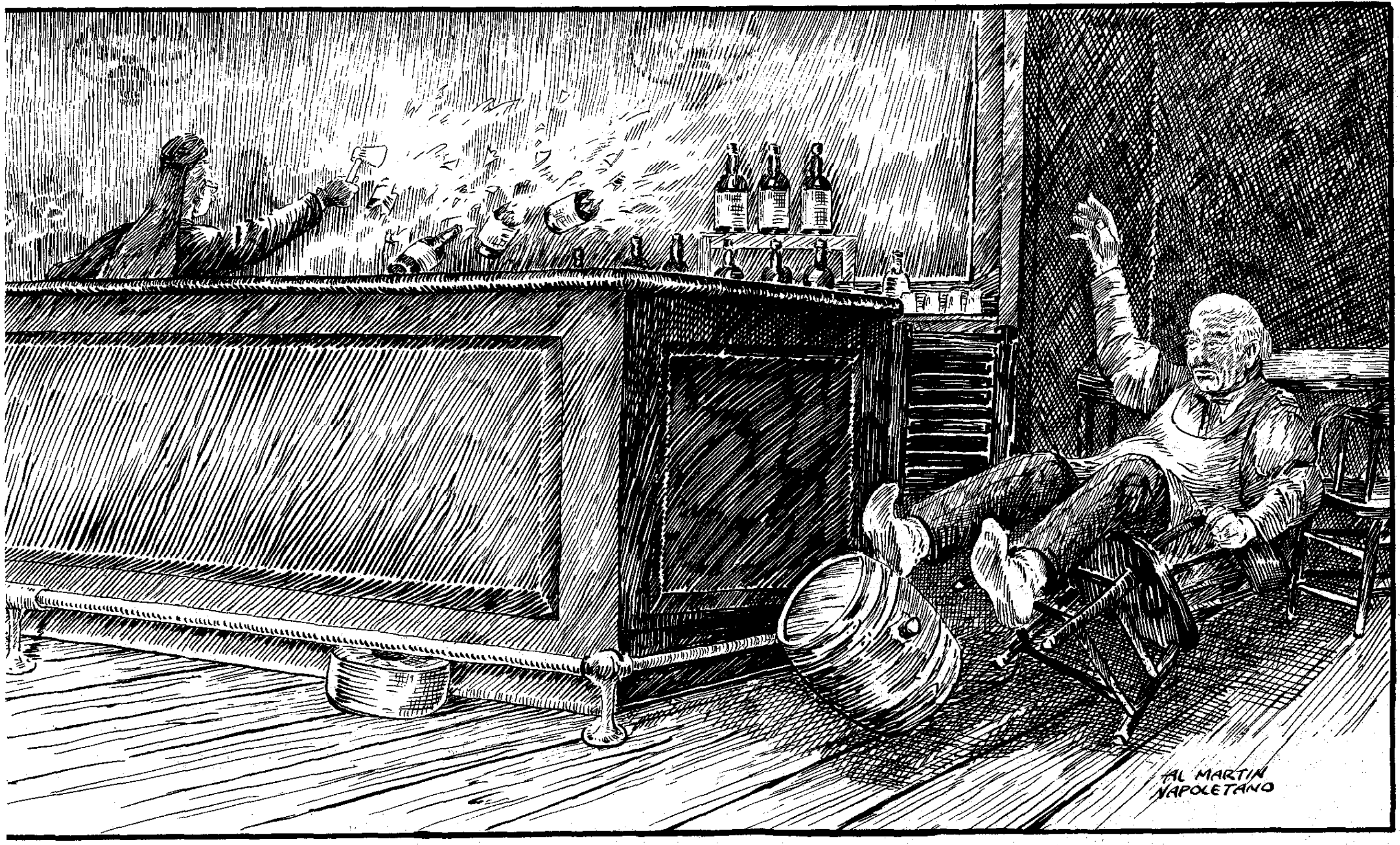
FROM the tail of his eye Doc Corrigan had caught sight of Frank Howe, Charlie Stuart and Ringbone Sam coming out of the Board of Trade Bar, which was formerly the old Bucket of Blood Saloon. Ringbone Sam was bellowing like a range bull on the prod that no damn bartender could put him on the Injun list and live to brag about it. Plainly Ringbone had a horn drooped, saying something about getting his six-shooter from his bed at the livery barn and shooting up that Board of Trade—that nobody on earth could threaten him with a bung starter and get away with it. Frank Howe and Charlie Stuart were trying to talk Ringbone Sam out of the notion.

Doc Corrigan stood tracked for a moment, long enough to size up the situation, then waved his hat in a beckoning motion. "Come on, boys!" he shouted. "Join in the fun. Carry Nation's in town!"

Doc pulled his hat back on at a fighting angle and followed Carry Nation into the Last Chance, just in time to see her stride around the end of the bar, wielding her hatchet on the row of whiskey bottles along the back bar.

The bartender, Baldy Beers, smooth as a billiard ball save for a fringe of white hair around his ears and the back of his thick neck, was sound asleep and snoring, sitting reared back in a chair, the front legs tilted back off the floor, his white-socked feet propped on a beer keg behind the bar. Baldy hadn't drawn a sober breath during his fifty-odd years behind the bar in various towns.

At the sudden crash of glass he came alive with flailing arms, his huge 350-pound frame upsetting the old barroom chair and landing him on his broad back, roaring and bellowing as he searched in



vain for the heavy wooden bung starter. No doubt Baldy imagined in his liquor-fogged state that he was back in Dublin Gulch in Butte and that the shanty Irish were celebrating St. Patrick's Day and wrecking the joint. Then his bleary eyes beheld the horrible apparition of a black-clad female towering over him, a hatchet in her black-gloved hand and white teeth bared, as she berated him for selling liquor to young men, taking their last dime for the vile products he peddled across his bar.

A few well aimed blows of her hatchet shattered one end of a beer keg. Foam spewed like a geyser on the bewildered bartender. Soon the floor of the back bar was covered with beer and the shattered glass of whiskey bottles, glasses and the long mirror of the back bar. Victorious Carry Nation had finished her dedicated task of total destruction.

By then, Frank Howe, Charlie Stuart, and the grinning Ringbone Sam had joined ranks with Doc Corrigan. A few other men, attracted by the din inside the saloon, had crowded in to view the wreckage. Center-stage, Carry Nation was preaching a blistering sermon to a small crowd of drinking men, begging them to repent before it was too late.

BEHIND the wreckage of his bar Baldy groaned miserably, tears of self-pity in his bloodshot eyes. It had taken his life's savings to purchase the saloon which one woman, in an angry effort to stop the sale of alcoholic liquor, had destroyed in a brief hour of violence.

When Carry Nation ended her Bible-shouting lecture, Doc Corrigan gallantly took her arm. "I've corralled a few maverick sinners, ma'am," Doc said pridefully, "for you to earmark and brand and mark down in your tally book."

Corrigan introduced the three cowhands he had lined up. "The big gent with the homely face," he announced, "is Frank Howe, strawboss for the Circle C cow outfit. Howe never tells the truth when a conniving lie comes easy.

"The gent with the black patch across his dead eye, to give the look of a pirate, is Charlie Stuart, son of Montana's famous Granville Stuart of the DHS outfit.

"The third gent is the one and only Ringbone Sam, bronc rider for the B. D. Phillips outfit. Wild by nature, and never changed his ways. Up until now, that is." Doc was thoroughly enjoying his role; he was no longer sad and lonely.

As each cowhand mumbled, tongue-in-cheek, the words of the pledge to forego drink, Carry Nation pinned on the white ribbons. Then Ringbone Sam announced that within walking distance was another den of iniquity that needed some hatchet work—that the tinhorn owner-bartender was a pimp who bought the saloon with the wages of sin, as if inspired by the fiery eloquence of Carry Nation who had based her sermon on Bible quotations.

"Foller me, ma'am!" Ringbone Sam declared, fingering the white ribbon pinned on his manly chest as he strode through the swinging half-doors of the wrecked saloon.

By now a crowd of curious men made up a parade down the wide plank sidewalk of Main Street. The citizenry of the town were excitedly aware of the early morning visitation of Carry Nation, and word was spread to the various and sundry saloonkeepers, to barricade their doors. Frantic appeals were sent to Sheriff Puck Powell by the barmen, not knowing the sheriff had left town on some official business without announcing his destination.

By the time Carry Nation and her "followers" reached the Board of Trade Saloon, Barney Smith, the saloonkeeper, had, with the aid of his swamper, set up a beer keg breastworks against the saloon doors. Barney knew all about Carry Nation and had once heard one of her fire and brimstone sermons on the evils of drink.

"Stay away from my place!" Barney Smith called out in a loud blustering voice.. "Stay away or I'll have the law on you!" Barney spiced his words with a little profanity.

"This'll learn you a lesson, Barney, not to put me and the rest of us cowhands on the Injun list," Ringbone Sam shouted back. "I told you I'd come back! I'll learn you not to wave your bung starter at ol' Ringbone!"

In a gentler voice Ringbone Sam spoke to Carry Nation. "Better you stand off a ways, ma'am, so you won't get hurt. This is strictly a man's job, bustin' into them beer kegs."

CARRY NATION stepped out into the wide, dusty street, the light of battle in her eyes as she watched her white-ribbon delegates and the tipsy, boisterous crowd milling around the beer keg barricade.

Barney, a gambling man and part-time pimp, was strictly a white-collared tinhorn sport. The games he ran in the back room of the saloon were said to be crooked. He had bought the old Bucket of Blood (now the Board of Trade) Sa-

(Continued on page 36)

BY D. D. CALENTINE
Photos Courtesy Author

A man might still get rich if he had any faith in

GOLD AND THE SLEEPY-HEADED LADY

IN 1880 the gold and silver strikes in the Mogollons, Mimbres and Black Range attracted a lot of inexperienced prospectors who would have been better off someplace else. R. D. and Harry George, and their partner Charles Epps belonged to this group. They began their prospecting in a rather touchy place—the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation in southeastern New Mexico Territory. The Indians simply weren't too friendly to strangers.

The men began their search north of the Galena General Store in Dry Gulch. They panned some color along the gulch but were after the Mother Lode, so they worked their way up the hill. The American Mine lay off to the left of their prospect and was the only quartz mine—indeed the only operating gold mine—in that part of the Sacramentos.

They filed their claims and put in a couple of shafts. They sank their No. 2 shaft to a depth of thirty feet, and their spirits sank with it. It was practically barren. Soon the glamour of gold began to fade for them. In 1882 they allowed Storms and Murphy to locate the property.

The Georges and Epps could blame their tenderfoot ineptness for the frown from Lady Luck, but Storms and Murphy were simply blinded to what they were looking for. After they did their location work, they sold out to John Rae.

Rae had been working a crosscut mine nearby and keeping a foxy eye on the Storms and Murphy diggings. He watched as the men labored in vain and their money played out. He was a shrewd businessman and drove a hard bargain; Storms and Murphy were disillusioned and broke. Rae bought their three full claims for $100.

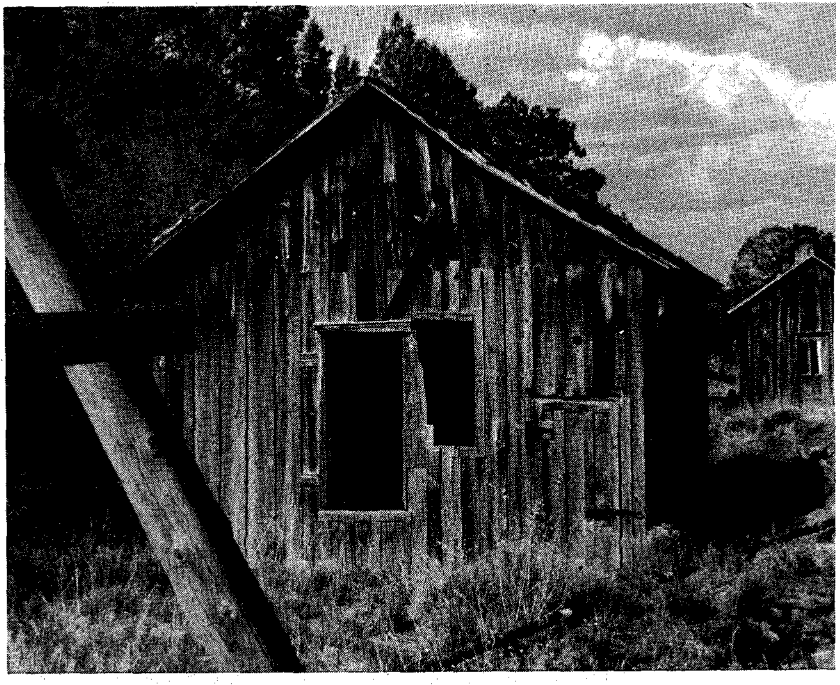
IF the partners were happy to be rid of it, Rae was ecstatic to get it. Within twenty-four hours after the deed changed hands, Rae took $300 from the dump made from a trench which Storms and Murphy had dug. He also got $1,000 from the dirt left unpanned in the same trench. As an added bonus, he got $500 from a single panful of ore taken from a drift on the vein at the old No. 2 shaft. Not a bad return on $100!

Rae named the mine after his daughter Helen, and work began in earnest. He sank a twenty-five-foot shaft that produced $14,800 ($10,000 of that was taken by mortar and pestle; the remaining $4,800 was milled). Then seeds of doubt began to pop up in Rae's mind. The crosscut mine had run into sulfide ore. The American ran into sulfide at fifteen feet with no free gold. Rae feared he was nearing the bottom of the Helen Rae. As his love for the lady cooled, he sold her to Rolla Wells for a mere $15,000, only a fraction of what he had mined in a year.

If Wells was suspicious of Rae's low selling price, he certainly didn't show it. He appointed E. W. Parker as superintendent and manager of the mine. Parker chose a very capable man, M. D. Gaylord, to develop the property. Within five months, 255 feet of development work had been done. No. 3 shaft produced $2,300 from 338 tons of milled ore and special specimens, and 150 feet of work on the adit level plus 50 feet of trench at No. 2 shaft produced $2,500 in milled and specimen ore.

Greed then gave the Helen Rae an unearned rest. Two men, Johns and Yankes, had an option on the property but because Parker could not get all the commission he desired, he blocked the

Opposite page: No. 1 shaft of the Helen Rae.



Above: No. 2 shaft of the Helen Rae. Right: Compressor shed of the mine. Below: Helen Rae sluicer.

Below, clockwise: Southwest corner of the Spanish tower foundation. Portion of the north side of tower foundation. It's a slow process to reconstruct the tower. The area is searched for further clues to the tower's past.

sale. The Helen Rae then lay idle for two years with better than $30,000 in ore in sight and waiting to be milled.

Wells finally sold for whatever he could get and a Professor M. Parker took charge of what the 1901 *Mine Recorder* said "will develop . . . [into] the biggest mine in the Southwest."

By the time Robertson, Dolph, and Robertson became owners of the Helen Rae, she had changed considerably in size and description. She now covered 1,000 acres of ground with about 250 acres of rich placer dirt. There were $5,000 worth of improvements—three mill sites, water rights, Huntington Mill, boiler, engine, wagon scales, etc. Just one thing hadn't changed—the gold. Some of the placer ground ran as high as $47 per cubic yard!

The main shaft was down to 110 feet; the No. 2 was down 75 feet; and the third shaft was down 50 feet—all still producing high grade ore. Just think—poor John Rae gave up at 25 feet!

A collection of specimen ore was taken from the Helen Rae by her Pennsylvania owners that was outstanding. It was so outstanding that the Southwest-International Miners' Association and the El Paso Chamber of Commerce borrowed the gold collection for exhibition at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York.

IT WAS projected that the mine would make all of its owners extremely wealthy men—and yet the Helen Rae seems to have tiptoed into oblivion and taken her wealth with her. Today the shafts and work remain status quo with their 1901 condition. She came out of hiding briefly only during the depression.

Leonard Sharpe has loved and been intrigued by this mine ever since he took possession several years ago. The history of the Helen Rae seems to intrigue him more than her wealth of gold, although he recognized that too. Long before he acquired the mine, the little nearby town changed its name to Nogal and the reservation became part of the new state—New Mexico.

The Sharpes, who reside in Haxtun, Colorado, have a summer place in Nogal. Leonard has spent many summers prying into the past of the Helen Rae. Underbrush is quite thick in the area and had hidden a lot of history until Leonard happened upon it. First of all, he found parts of an old arrastre that proved to be Spanish in design if not in origin. He did extensive research but he couldn't verify that Spaniards had done any mining that far east in New Mexico. However, Leonard's next find convinced him that Spaniards were indeed the first pursuers of the Helen Rae gold in the

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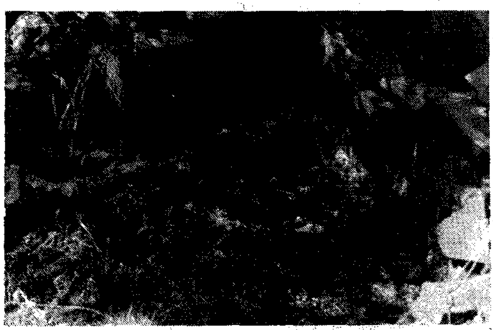
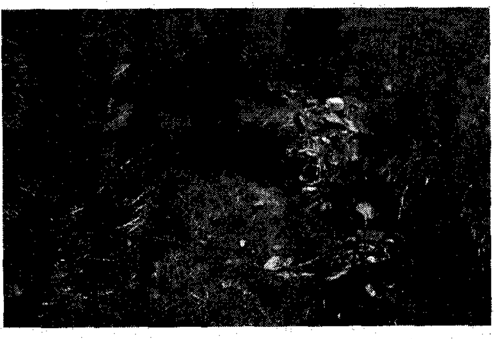




FEUDING WITH THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC

BY ROY D. HOLT

Map and Sketches by S. J. Stout and Photos Courtesy Author

Charley Wilson was that unique sort of man who made a first-class friend or a first-class adversary because he had the stamina and enthusiasm to really work at it!

CHARLEY WILSON, fun-loving Irish "Father" of Sanderson, Texas on the Southern Pacific Railroad in Terrell County, feuded with that giant corporation for thirty years. Charley had an air-tight title to all the land in the town although the railroad named the station and the town and furnished the payroll to start the settlement in 1882 and keep it alive.

The trouble began when Charley, a soldier at Fort Concho, was sent with a detachment of troops by General B. H. Grierson to Pena Colorado near present-day Marathon in the Texas Big Bend. Charley became intensely interested in the Southern Pacific Railroad survey of a proposed roadbed from El Paso eastward toward San Antonio. He made friends with the surveyors, who looked to the troop for protection. He personally observed the survey route and was shrewd enough to reason that somewhere in that vast unsettled area, about halfway between El Paso and San Antonio, the railroad would of necessity establish a division headquarters.

Charley saw on the railroad map that stations were marked every few miles—Marfa, Murphysville, Altuda, Maxon, Marathon, Tesnus (Sunset), Haymond, Emerson, Longfellow, Strawbridge, Dryden, Thurston and Eagle's Nest.

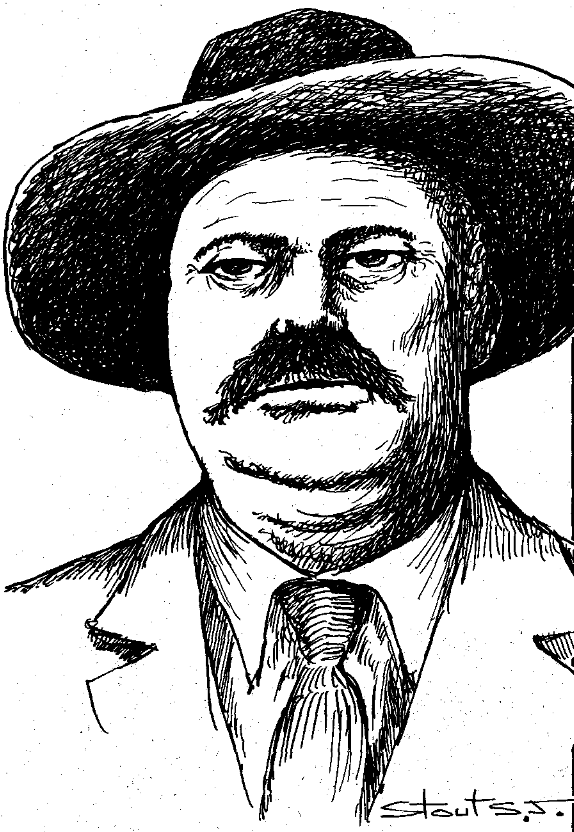
Charley saw opportunity beckon at the proposed station of Strawbridge, which was named for a construction boss. He noted that the designated tracks were to follow a long canyon for miles eastward and that the Strawbridge station was in a bowl of about one square mile of almost level land entirely enclosed by mountains, except along the canyon. Charley applied for his army discharge.

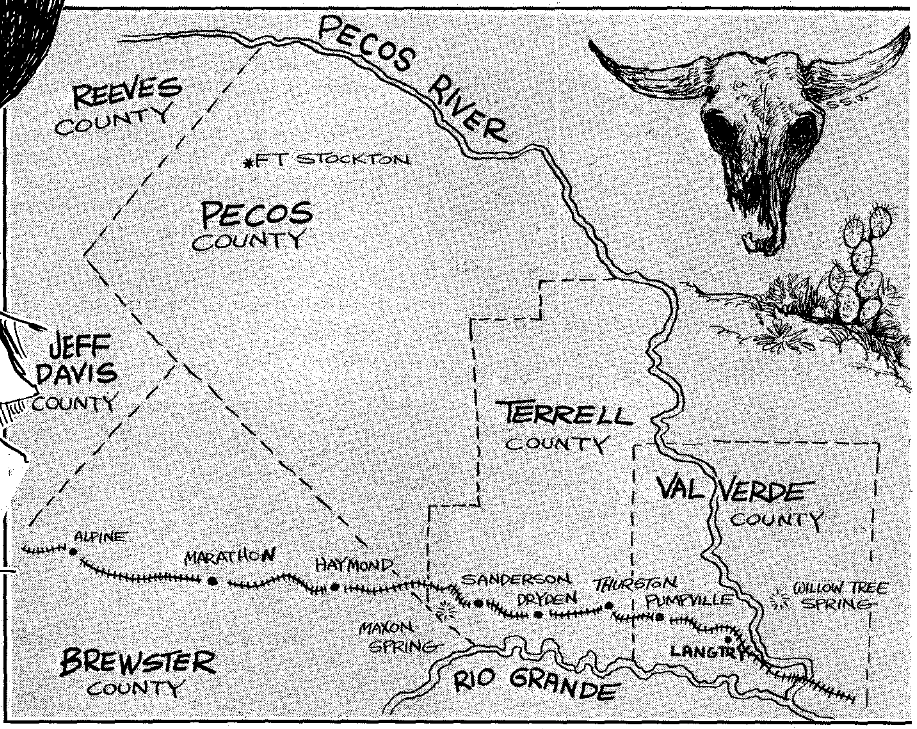
He lost no time in making the long ride to the General Land Office in Austin. He found that crews of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad had surveyed the area, the railroad getting sixteen square miles for every linear mile of track constructed. The State of Texas was to get the even-numbered sections on the checkerboard survey.

CHARLEY WILSON, with keen business acumen, purchased Section 4, Block 151 in Pecos County, probably at one dollar per acre. This was future Sanderson. He then rode westward from San Antonio to watch the Irish construction crew edge west toward the rugged Devil's River and Rio Pecos country while 3,000 Chinese pushed track eastward from El Paso.

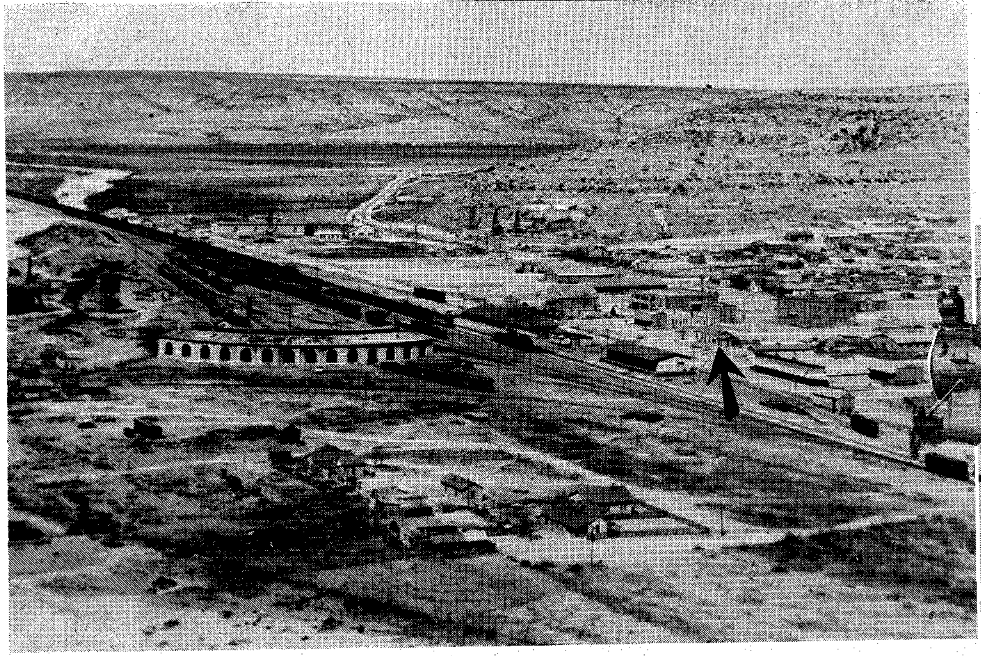
Charley saw the first construction train reach his land on May 22, 1882. Then on January 12, 1883 he saw the silver spike driven when the rails from the east and west were joined about a mile west of the Pecos River High Bridge. This was sixty-five miles east of the new settlement at Strawbridge, all on Wilson's land except for the railroad right of way.

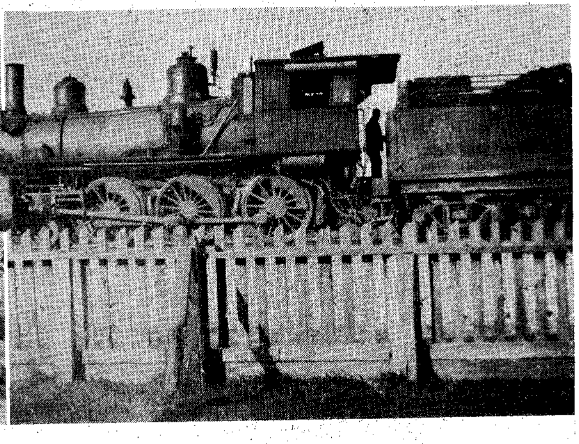
The railroad authorities were cha-



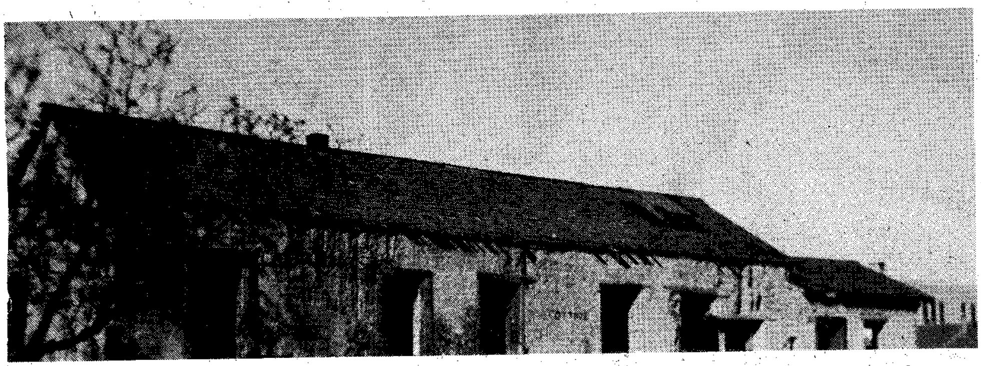


Above: Likeness of Charley Wilson about the time he "founded" his town. Right: Map of the Southern Pacific Railroad across the lower Trans-Pecos of Texas showing some of the designated stations, including Sanderson.

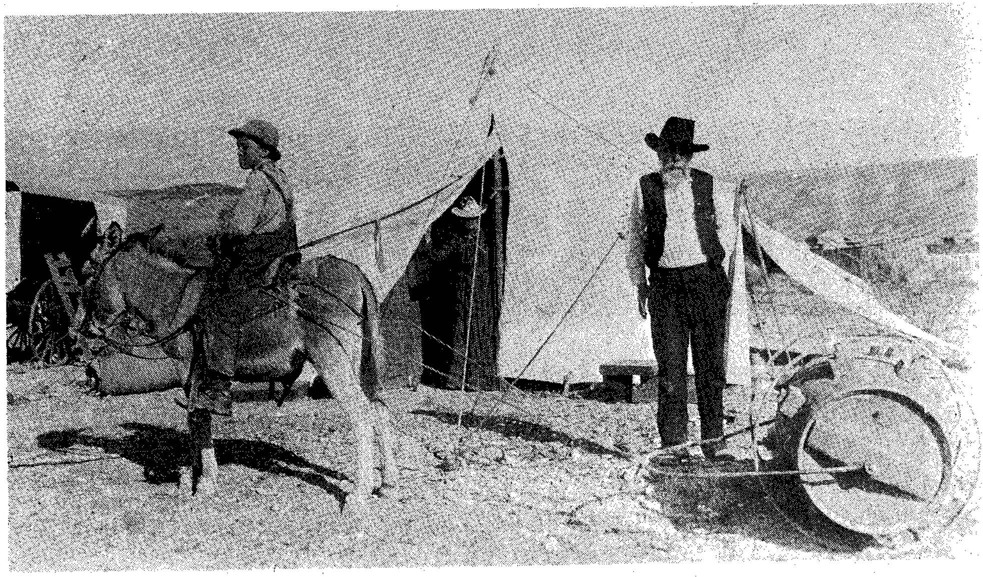




Left: Southern Pacific roundhouse, siding and station. The Cottage Bar is indicated with an arrow. Notice the hills surrounding the town. Below: One of the early-day locomotives used at Sanderson by the Southern Pacific.



Above: Ruins of Wilson's Cottage Bar Saloon about 1936. Below: First water delivery system in Sanderson. Boy on the burro was Fred Savage, employe of Southern Pacific for many years, as was his father, J. W. Savage, and his brother, Will, who still lives in Sanderson.



grined and then angered on finding that they had to purchase land from Charley Wilson for their station, freight office, and sidings. Just to think that this giant corporation was to receive sixteen million acres of the public domain of Texas and yet they had to buy a few acres from a come-lately upstart. On top of all that, the whole vast area west of the Pecos was wide open. Why not move the station to a section owned by the railroad and thus start its own town and sell its own lots, as was done all over the West? This was no doubt considered, but it was perhaps too late to change the corporation's plan.

About 1882 the railroad made Strawbridge station a division point and began work on a roundhouse. More land had to be bought from Charley. Then the name Strawbridge was changed to Sanderson, in honor of Thomas P. Sanderson, a construction engineer.

Wilson did nothing to pacify the railroad bosses when he surveyed his land into town lots and streets, and pitched a big tent near the station to use as a combined saloon and eating place. His customers were hungry—and very thirsty—railroad employes and passengers on this first transcontinental railroad from Texas to California.

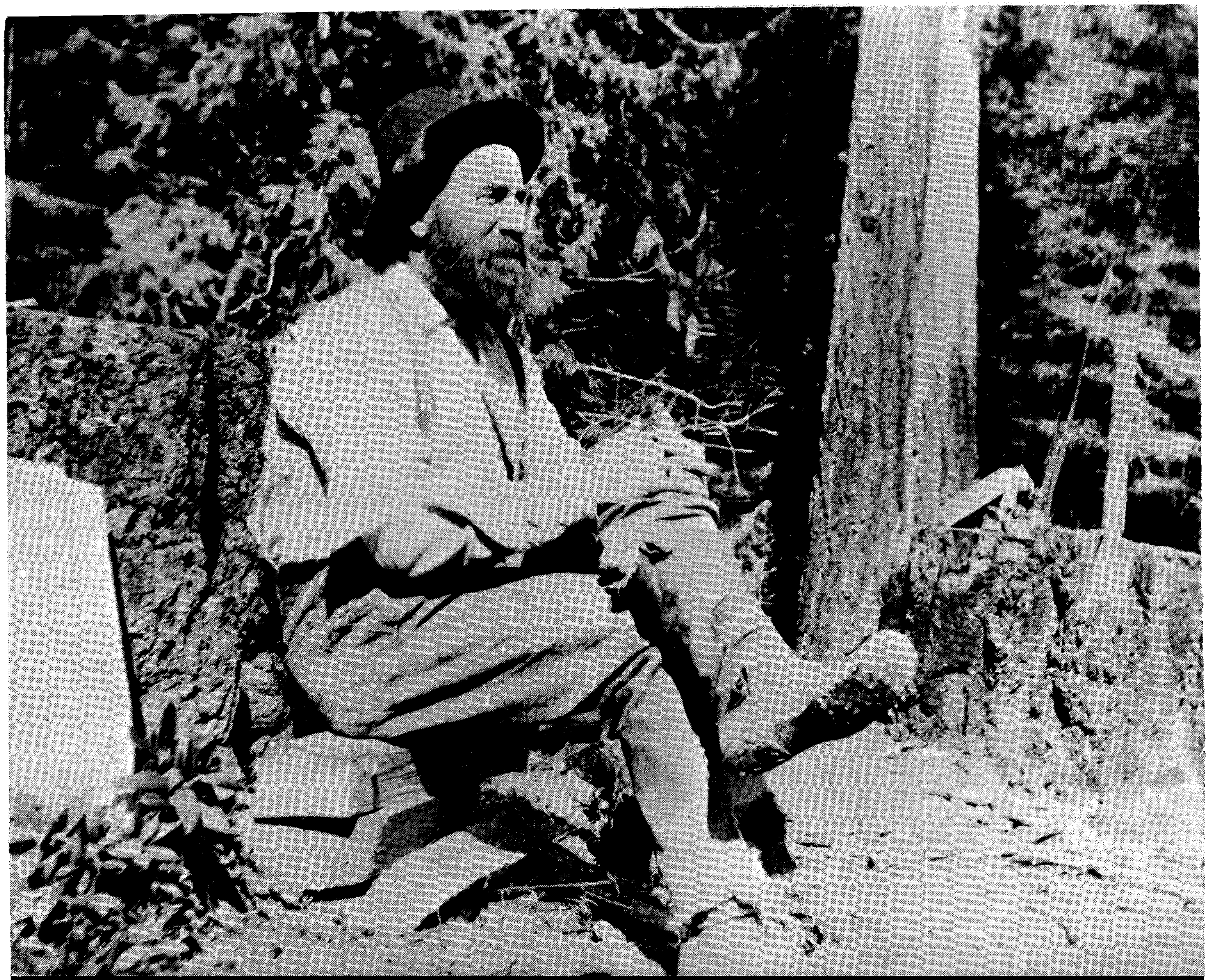
Next, Charley used cheap Chinese and Mexican labor to construct one of the very first buildings, the Cottage Bar Saloon, just across the street from the station. This old adobe and lumber building was still standing, but vacant when I lived in Sanderson from 1935 to 1942. It was some 80′ x 40′ in size and served as the only social and economic center available for construction and train crews and for numerous stockmen who were beginning to stock the open range. Then came drifters, adventurers, gamblers, and gunmen—for nearly everyone carried a gun in the early days.

Wilson, unlike the usual town builder of the day, did not boast about or advertise his town. He just sold lots to families who wished to buy. The first shelters were tents. Early settlers were the Youngs, Boozers, Glovers, Clarks, Savages, Collins, Douglas, Wolfs, Lemons, Joe Kerr, Alexander Mitchell, Charles Downie, W. J. Banner and others.

Over the first few years, Charley had another large adobe building erected near the station. This was a hotel and restaurant operated by Chinaman Sam Sing for years. The second story of the hotel, much later in 1905, became the temporary offices of the first officers of Terrell County, which Charley Wilson helped to create. In the county seat, Sanderson, he served as the first justice of the peace for a brief period. Near the hotel and saloon, he had a long bunkhouse erected for train crews who came to the division point.

For a time Wilson lived in the back of the Cottage Bar but later built a home on the present highway-street. Oldtimers affirm that there were never any legal wrangles over land titles in Wilson's town.

(Continued on page 57)



LAST OF THE UMPQUA

THE bearded man hunched down in his worn mackinaw to escape the raw blades of November sleet, while he measured the flooding river. His saddle horse chuffed impatiently, anxious to reach the sheltering barn across the North Umpqua. Behind him, a loaded pack pony stood patiently, willing to cross the dangerous ford or to stay, whatever the command.

Finally, with a shrug of his shoulders, the man urged his mount forward. Skilled horsemanship and luck swung him safely through the torrent with both animals, and he was soon out of the storm, lighting a blaze in his own fireplace. Bill Bradley had completed his last adventure. What happened in the following hours, no one knows.

A few days later, broad-shouldered, keen-eyed Bill Bradley died in his log cabin in the Oregon Cascades. Since that cold winter day in 1909, his relatives and friends have frequently mulled over the cause of his death, but the mystery of Bradley's dying holds no more riddles than the pattern of his living.

Bradley was the last of the Umpqua mountain men, a follower on the trails of Pariseau, Dompierre, McKay and LaFramboise. Trapper, hunter, horseman, hermit—Bill lived a rough colorful life on his horse ranch at Bradley Flats.

The husky, loose-gaited Bradley inherited a love of horses and a knack for handling them from his grandfather, Meschek Tipton, an expert horseman from Tennessee. His father, J. V. Bradley, came to the Valley in 1850 and married Tipton's daughter Cynthia. Bill was born east of Roseburg in 1861, took to the Oregon mountains in early manhood and stayed there until his unexplained death. Some thought an unhappy love affair sent him off to the hills, but in reality his Mary turned him down because she wouldn't live his kind of life and Bill would live no other.

BRADLEY bought wild ponies from the Indians in eastern Oregon and northern California, broke and trained them, and sold them to farmers in the Willamette Valley. His first partner on his Dry Creek horse ranch was John Groslouis, a French-Canadian. John and his nephew, Joe Allen, built a cabin near Bill. Joe said that Bill scared other homesteaders away when they settled too close. On a dark night, he'd stick his whiskered face up to a lamp-lit window, let out a wailing scream like a wounded cougar, and frighten the settlers into moving on, leaving the lush mountain rangeland to Bradley's stock. But Joe Allen stayed. He was hard to scare. He'd

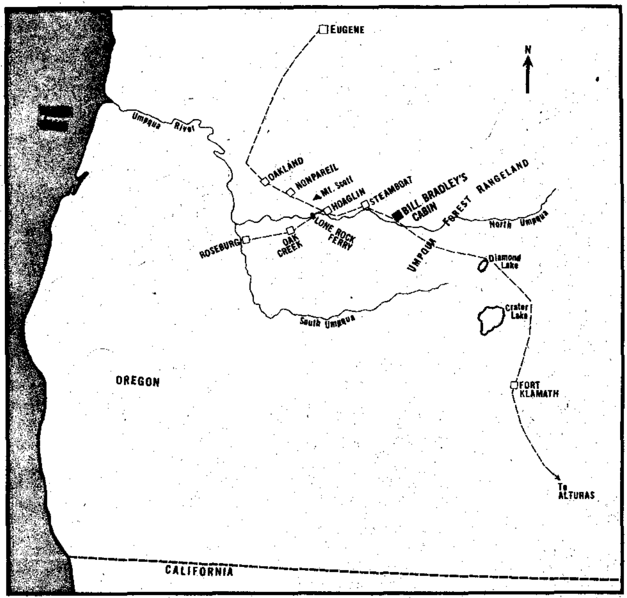
Above: Home of Bill's parents near Nonpareil is now a hay barn.

Above, right: The areas of Oregon best known by Bradley are indicated on the map.

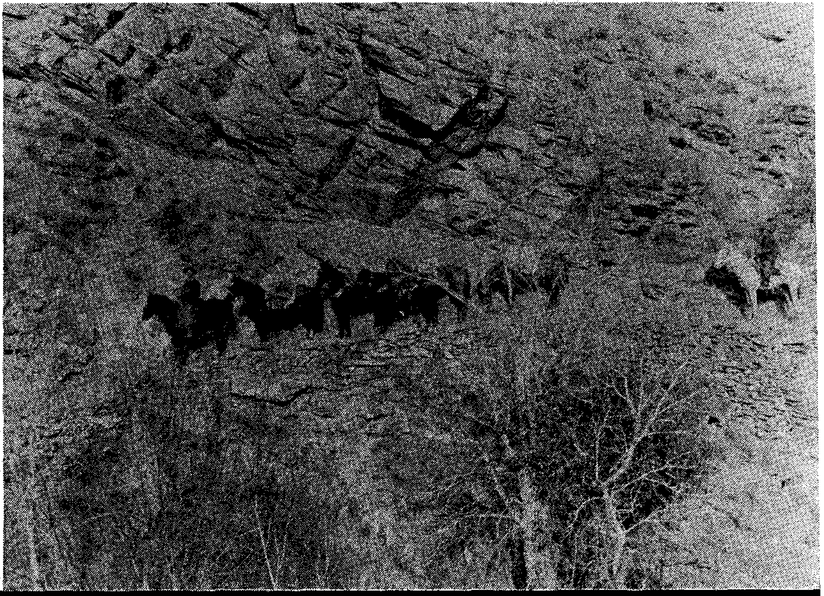
Opposite page: 1905 photo of Bill Bradley, taken by Picket McMillen.

Below, right: Narrow pack trail above the North Umpqua River. Jenny rolled down a shale slide such as this.

Below: Giles Hunt's century-old rail fence lined the stock trail Bradley traveled to Willamette.



Courtesy Douglas County Museum



MOUNTAIN MEN

BY HOWARD WYLIE

Photos, Map Courtesy Author

—his death left a big mystery for the neighbors thereabouts...

fought in the Modoc War and was part Indian himself. He often said that Captain Jack could have killed him lots of times, but the Captain "didn't have a grudge against me."

Old-timers said Bill could drive a bunch of cattle or handle a string of horses by himself better than most trail crews could. Sometimes he'd drive them south of Mount Scott, down Gassy Creek and past his father's house. Giles Hunt of Nonpareil recalled the horses flying past his ranch on the way to Eugene, Bill shouting a hearty "hello" as he went galloping past. Other times, Bill went through the Cascade Mountains and down the Willamette.

Bill may have had a way with horses, but a buck-toothed, raw-boned mule named Jenny almost got the best of him. Matt Ryckmann, who later became Fish Hatchery Superintendent for the Oregon Game Commission, had spent some time in the mountains with Bill when he was a young man. Once they had collected about 250 pounds of deer skins and were going to Roseburg to sell them to a tannery. Bradley began to load Jenny, an animal described by Matt as "the biggest, meanest mule I ever saw."

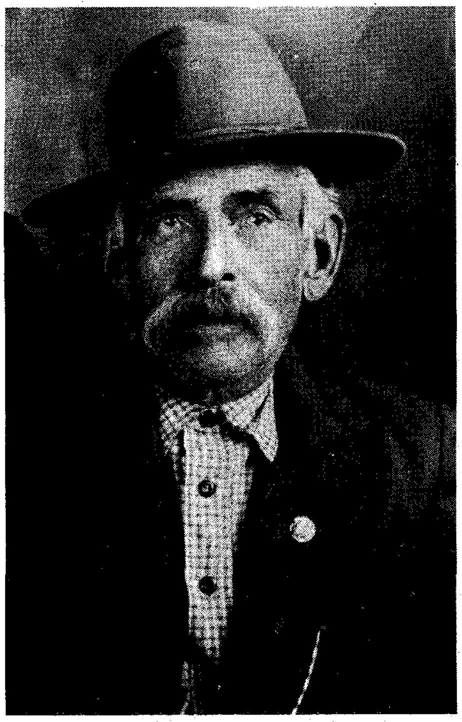
Both men put ropes on her and threw her to the ground in Bill's pole-fenced corral. She squealed and tried to bite her assailants, kicking away at them with all four feet and rolling her squinty eyes in a bloodshot orbit. When they had her securely tied, Bill said, "Matty, you'd better leave now while I fix her up a little—she's a mite nervous."

Matt backed off to a corner of the corral and watched Bill dodge both ends of the mule while he diamond-hitched the heavy pack of hides on her. Then he left Jenny sprawled in the dust, unable to get up.

When Matt objected, Bill said, "She'll still be a mite nervous in the morning. 'Sides, she kin hold the pack easier layin' down."

The next morning Matt and Bill saddled their horses and then Bill cut Jenny loose. She streaked down the trail, scattering horses in her wake, and rocketed towards Steamboat. That first night, Bill tied her to a tree and left her standing, pack and all. The second day, Jenny kicked up her heels once too often.

Courtesy Douglas County Museum



Courtesy Douglas County Museum

Above: Pack train, typical of Bradley's day in the mountains, pauses for a long drink from Diamond Lake. Left: Joe Allen, Indian guide, lived near Bill in the Umpqua Mountains.

Their trail crossed a shale slide far above the North Umpqua River. When Jenny turned to nip the horse behind her, she slipped, lost her footing and rolled down the steep hill with the load of hides. A fir tree stopped her descent, but when Matt and Bill reached her, she took off again and rolled almost to the river. This time Jenny lay there, eyes closed, not stirring.

Bill thought she was done for and he began to cut the pack loose to ease her last moments. But as soon as the load was off, Jenny jumped to her feet and sprang as light as a barren doe up the hill to where the saddle horses stood patiently waiting. Bill looked at the 250-pound pack of salted hides he and Matt would have to lug up the steep slope, then stared long and bitterly at the carefree Jenny.

"Y'know, Matty," he said, "Jenny's a mite nervous yet, but if'n I'd brought my rifle along, I think I'd taken a shot at her jist now."

BILL'S income came from the sale of horses, cattle and hides, and he was known to keep a substantial amount of gold coin on hand.

About 1900 he came out of the hills to trade. While he was visiting his parents, he was exposed to the measles. He told the Rone boys at Nonpareil, but said he was going back to the hills anyway. After a few days of worrying about his friend Bill being alone and ill, Edgar Rone rode up to see how he was and found him sick in bed. While Edgar was there caring for him, two men came along and asked to sharpen their axe on the grindstone. Bill told them to help themselves. After they left, he asked Edgar to look under a flat rock a little to the side of the grindstone. When Edgar lifted the rock, he found a bucket with twenty-dollar gold pieces in it—about $2,000 in all.

Bill had money in the bank, too. He showed his nieces, the Deardorff girls of Oakland, bank books from Alturas and Eugene. He kept money in California, he said, to buy wild ponies from the Indians. Some said that he won that money back again, playing poker with the sellers.

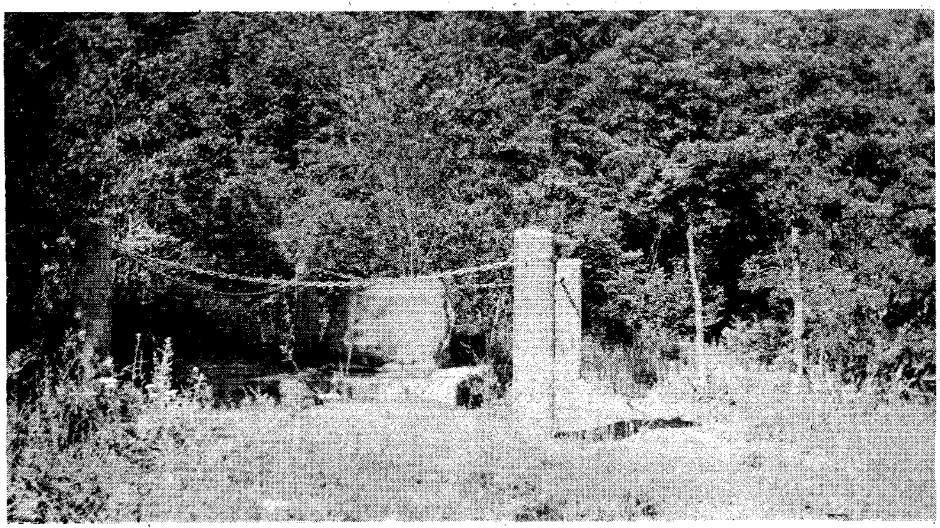
Bill Bradley loved a practical joke. Once he had to shoot an old buckskin horse with a broken leg. Bill jerked the horsemeat, brought it out to Roseburg and sold it for a dollar a pound. He often laughed about the "elk jerky" the town folks bought so eagerly.

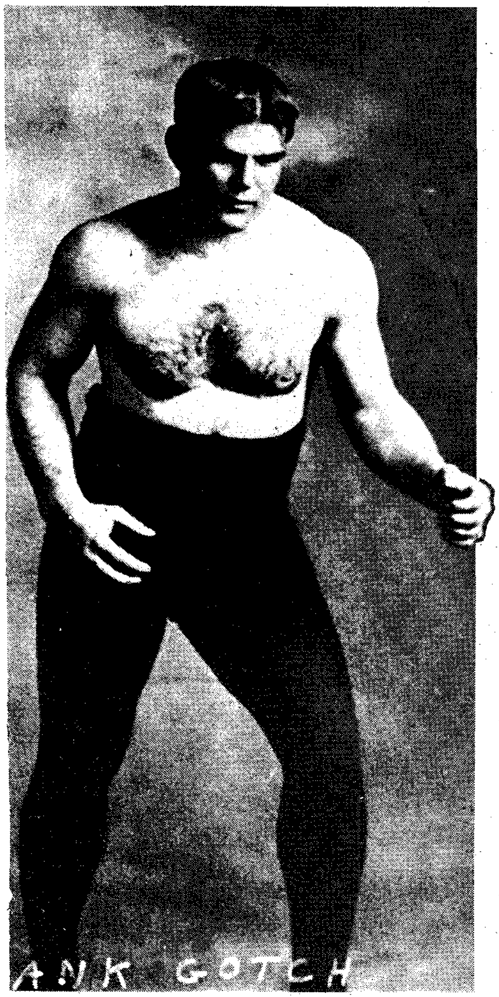
Another time Bill shot a black house cat near Hoaglin. He skinned it and when he stopped at the Oak Creek Store, he told Gus Schloemann he had killed a valuable marten. "Don't know what it's worth and I've got no way to take care of the pelt," he said. "It's too green

(Continued on page 64)

Courtesy Douglas County Museum

Right: Mary Atterbury started to tear this photograph of the sporty young Bradley, but her sister Rena rescued the rejected suitor's picture. Below: Bill Bradley's grave, off Highway 138 at Dry Creek, now shaded by trees that were only saplings when this photo was taken.





The lack of bulging muscles seemed odd for a champion, but perhaps accounted for the blinding speed of Frank Gotch.

FRANK ALVIN GOTCH, WRESTLER

He fell like a mighty tree, the strongest one in the forest

BY DON BUCHAN

Photos Courtesy Author

EVERYONE familiar with Mississippi River folklore knows of Mike Fink, Pecos Bill and Paul Bunyan. But unless you remember peg-topped trousers, button shoes and "Uncle Josh on the Telephone" on the cylindrical record played on a phonograph with the morning glory horn, you may not have heard of a man who was considered a superman as big as any of the mythical characters of earlier days. His name was Frank Gotch.

If you bring up the question of who was the best boxer, Jack Dempsey or Jack Johnson, you may get an argument, but mention wrestling and you'll find agreement that there was never a matman superior to Frank Gotch, at least before histrionics replaced strength, science, and skill.

His success started a craze never equalled in the West. Boys wrestled on schoolgrounds during recess. They gathered and wrestled on Sundays. Every county had its champion. It is no wonder the next generation produced the greatest matmen that this country has ever known—Earl Conrad, Jack Reynolds, Fred Grubmier, John Pesek, Ralph Parcaut, Henry Kolln, Chris Jordan, Billy Schoeber, Paul Prehn, Johnny Meyers, Joe Stecher, and Earl Caddock to mention but a handful out of many.

Peculiarly, Frank Gotch lost two out of his three regular matches. He beat Marshall Green, known as "the chicken picker," with a strangle hold, since outlawed. Then at Lu Verne, Iowa his backers raised $300 to cover the wager of a roughly dressed stranger who was none other than Dan McLeod, claimant of the heavyweight crown. At that, it took the champion an hour and twenty minutes to beat the green Iowa boy.

McLeod told Farmer Burns about Young Gotch and the wily Farmer matched himself with Gotch at Fort Dodge, Iowa. Burns won but recognized the great potential of his opponent and predicted that one day the lad would be unbeatable.

(Continued on page 62)

Celebrities at the Jeffries—Johnson boxing match, Reno, Nevada, July 4, 1910 are, left to right; Hugh McIntosh, Tommy Burns, John L. Sullivan, Jimmy Coffroth, Frank Gotch, Billy Jordan, Tom McCarry, Bill Lang, Fritz, Tom Sharkey, George Harding, and Ketchell.

TALE OF THE BLOODY COTTONWOOD

BY BETTY J. BRADLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

THIRTY-YEAR-OLD Robert Wilson pitched his axe into a cottonwood stump, ran a gloved hand through his straggly moustache, then pulled at his dark red beard. He jerked open his jacket, took a peek at the .44 Remington safely stowed in his pant's waistband, grinned and buttoned his jacket again. Ruddy-complexioned Wilson looked at least forty-five, when all he needed to make him look his age was a haircut, shave, and about fifty pounds trimmed off his torso.

It was especially cold that 1867 day. Bob Wilson's job was cutting logs on the land belonging to his foreman, George Grant. This property was located near the Loup River south of Columbus, a newly-settled Nebraska frontier town. Even though the manual labor helped keep him warm in his light-weight cavalry coat—the only one he had—he hated the work. To Wilson, the worst part of the job was tolerating the newest employe, the foreman's brother, twenty-two-year-old Ransel Grant. Wilson felt Ransel was just too fancy for that part of the country, especially since his return from the East.

However, jobs that paid as much weren't too plentiful in Platte County, so a man couldn't be too choosy. Wilson wanted money, and he felt he'd be assistant foreman whenever George had to be away from the job. This would give him more money—and that was mighty important to Bob Wilson—so he tried to pretend he liked to cut logs.

George Grant was responsible for having logs cut and delivered to the wood pile near the Union Pacific depot on Platte Street in Columbus. George's boss, John Rickly, owned and operated the only saw mill in the territory and had a contract with the Union Pacific Railroad to supply fuel for their wood-burning engines.

The first time George had to go to town during working hours, he announced that from then on, whenever he was gone, his brother Ransel was to be assistant foreman. Wilson was furious, but it seemed to make no difference to the other men on the crew.

It was during an absence of George that the big fight between Bob Wilson and Ransel Grant started. As in most fights, a trivial matter sparked the underlying fire which had been present ever since Ransel joined the crew. Many were the times Wilson told Ransel he was so pretty he should have been a girl. Ransel just ignored his remarks for both Grant brothers kept themselves clean-shaven and neat looking.

That particular January afternoon when Wilson tossed his axe into a tree stump, he acted as though he was ready to quit chopping and head for town. Ransel protested that the wagon was not full enough.

Bob Wilson ignored Ransel and started to mount the wagon.

"Wilson!" Ransel ordered. "That wagon doesn't leave here till it's rounded full. Either it's rounded full—or else you're fired. You hear?"

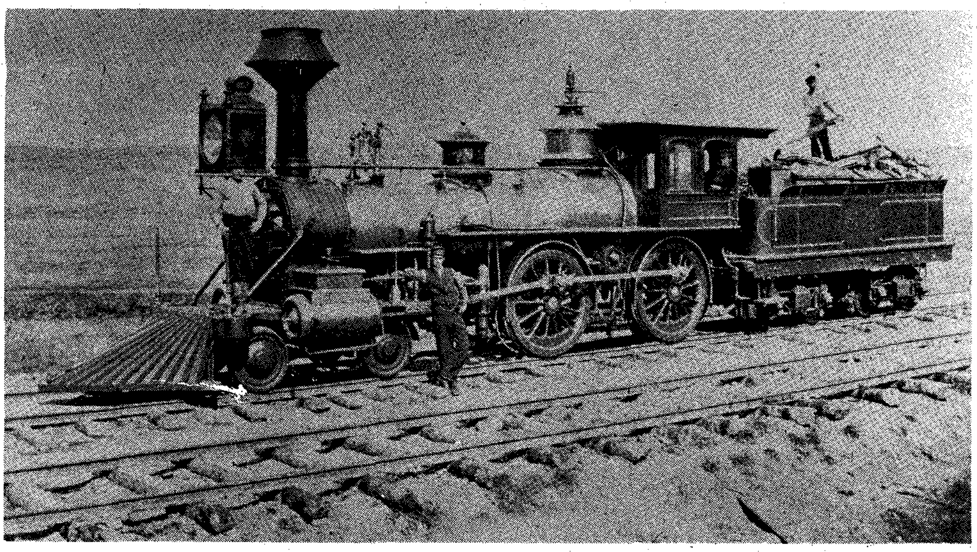
Wilson slid down from the freight wagon, picked up his axe and leaned it between his legs while he spit on his gloves and rubbed his hands together.

"As long as I'm in charge," Ransel added, "you'll take orders from me. Now get the wagon load rounded. Then we'll take it to town."

Photos both pages Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad Museum Collection

Opposite page: Saloon where men went or a post-lynching party.

A short-sighted lynch mob never learned whether or not $1700 was on the victim when his body was shoved into the ice-covered Loup River!



Wood fired the brass-bound burners of early-day Union Pacific locomotives. Here old Number 82 poses proudly somewhere in western Nebraska one hundred years ago.

WILSON begrudged every speck of energy it took to chop the extra logs and load them on the wagon. When the wagon was rounded full, the two climbed upon the seat. Ransel jerked on the reins, and the mule-drawn freight wagon started down the snowy trail to the main road toward Columbus.

Wilson bounced along, sullenly holding his chin in his hand most of the way. When Ransel turned the wagon down Platte Street, only a few blocks from the Union Pacific depot, Wilson jumped off. Ransel saw him go and yelled at him to stop. It would take at least two men to unload the logs.

Wilson paid no attention to Ransel's order this time. He ran hard until he was about a block ahead of the wagon. Then just as Ransel was nearly even with him, Wilson snapped out his .44 Remington, took careful aim, and fired at Ransel's head. Ransel slumped in the wagon and died almost immediately while the mules moved the wagon on down Platte Street.

Two witnesses ran after the wagon to stop the mules and tend to Ransel. Wilson spun around and headed for John Rickly's saw mill at the edge of town. He didn't intend to deny the shooting, and he wanted to be the first to tell George's boss just what he'd done. John Rickly was a round-faced, bearded gentleman, one of the founders of the new town of Columbus.

Rickly, having heard the commotion before Wilson arrived, stood waiting in front of the saw mill. In his fifties, he was a level-headed man who listened calmly as Wilson babbled out his story.

"Hate that this had to happen, Wilson," Rickly told him. "Hate it worse because Ransel was one of my men. And so are you. I reckon somebody's taking care of Ransel by now. I'd like to go see, but first I've got to turn you over to Sheriff Browner."

Wilson agreed to hand over his gun to Rickly and to go see the sheriff. Rickly mounted his horse, and Wilson sprang up behind him. When they got to the main part of town, they stopped in front of Becker and Wolfel's Grocery, a log-cabin store where Sheriff Browner worked when he wasn't busy with official duties.

The two men dismounted and entered, Rickly announcing, "Got a prisoner for you, Sheriff."

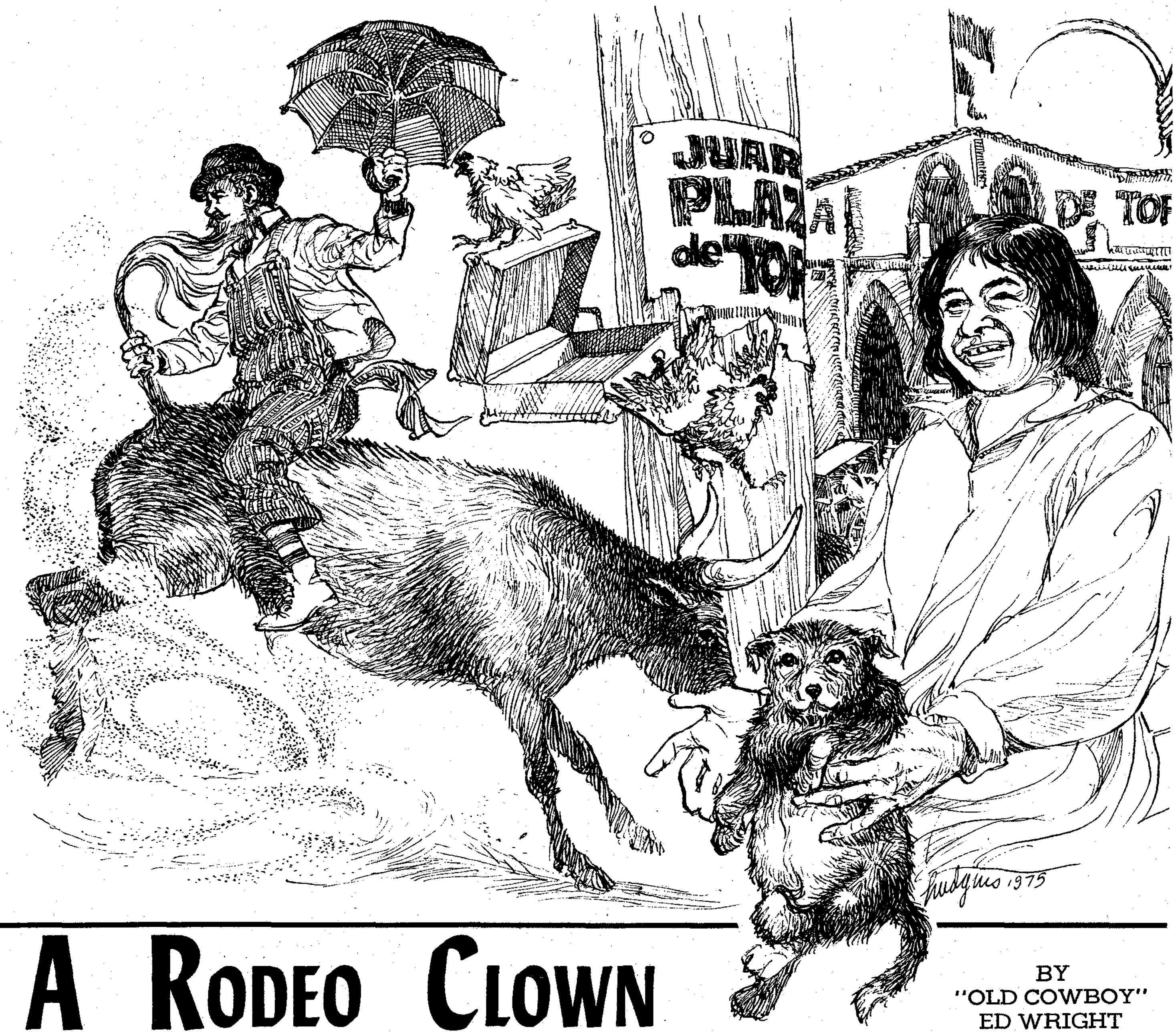
Browner who looked enough like the recently assassinated President to be Abe's first cousin, gave a puzzled look, first at John Rickly, then at the bedraggled man with him. "What's up?" he asked.

Rickly related the story Wilson had told him. "I'll leave him in your charge, Sheriff. I've got to see about Ransel." With that, Rickly handed over the prisoner's gun and hurried on, leaving Browner alone with his prisoner.

(Continued on page 46)

Old 11th Street in Columbus as it appeared in 1872. Down this street the wagon traveled to unload wood at the depot.

RYGOODS&
ROCERIES
DRY GOODS
&GROCERIES
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE
DRY GOODS GROCERIES
HARNESS SHOP



A Rodeo Clown And His Dog

BY
"OLD COWBOY"
ED WRIGHT

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustration by Paul Hudgins

Here's a story that will make you head for the nearest pound to see if just maybe there could be another "Taters" in this world . . .

IF you ever saw a trouper, Taters was one. He was a pardner one never forgets. Red Fenwick called him Spud. Red worked for me at all the largest rodeos and Frontier celebrations, like Cheyenne, Pendleton, Madison Square Garden, etc. Everyone called me the greatest rodeo clown in the world.

I am a has-been now. When I was a clown I was a contestant at the same time in saddle bronc riding, bareback bronc riding, bulldogging wild longhorn steers, fighting wild bulls, and accommodating anything else that craved a fight.

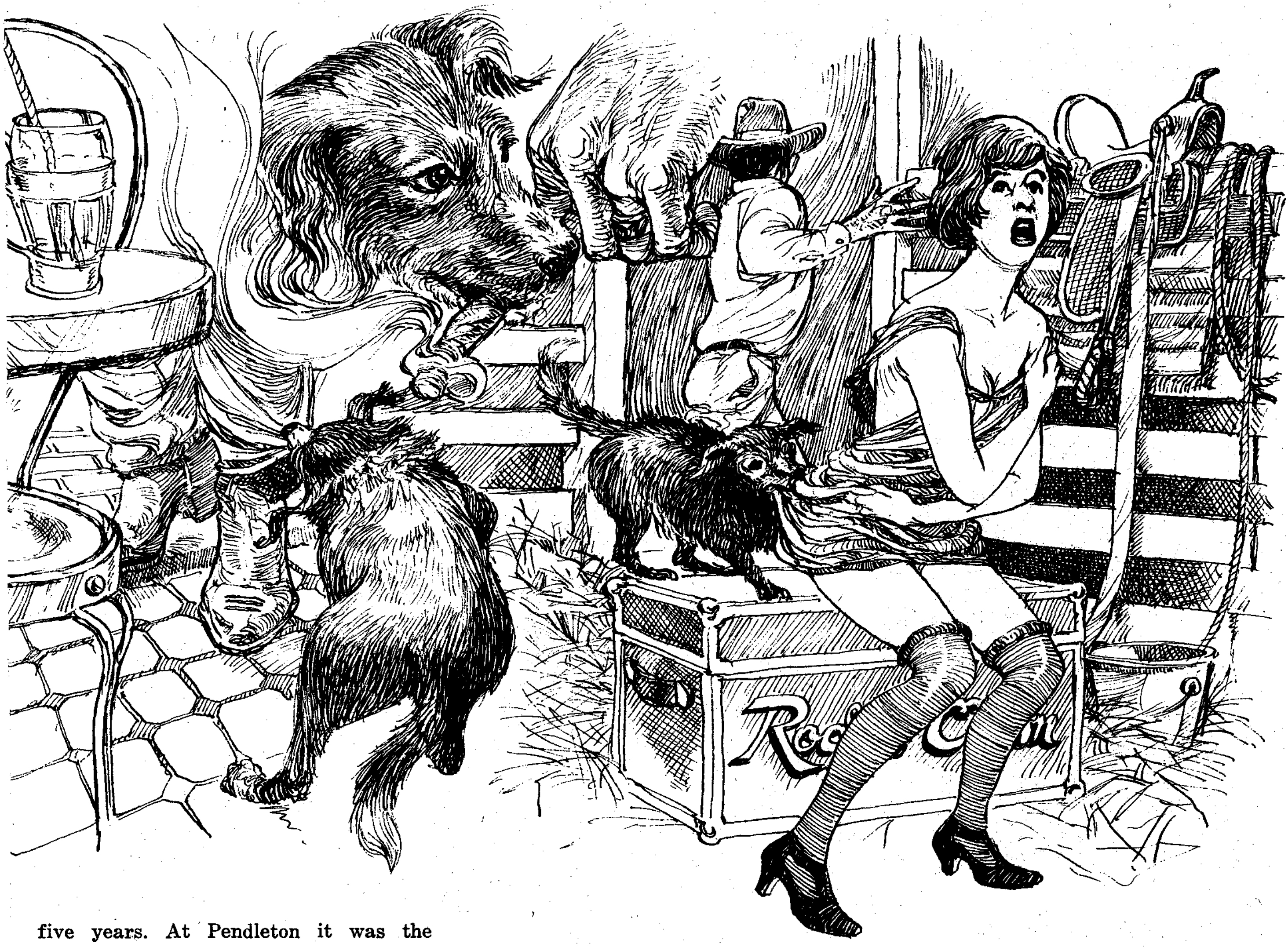
A good clown in my day had his work cut out for him. I rode horses and bulls backwards, with a suitcase in one hand and an umbrella in the other. And I rode a jackass that was smarter than I was.

I had been a cowboy all my life, and had made most of the celebrations. When a cowboy went to a celebration, he celebrated. One time I got so full of mountain dew I entered all the events at the Wyoming State Fair, and won most of them. That's where I met Red Fenwick. He was a kid full of I wasn't sure what, but there was a lot of hell mixed in with it.

Cheyenne Frontier Days was where I saw the first cowboy clown. His name was Ed Eddie. He was a good rider and made a wonderful impression, but did not last long.

T. Joe Cahill met me at Frontier Days and asked me why I didn't try to be a rodeo clown. He said, "You can do anything in the cowboy line and do it well." He talked me into it and gave me the job.

Eddie McCarty loaned me a burro; I pasted on some whiskers, got a derby hat, and away I went. After Frontier was over they gave me a contract for



five years. At Pendleton it was the same.

That's where Red came in. I had so much junk I carried with my mule it looked like a menagerie. Red was my right hand; him and that mule made me tick. Of course, a little moonshine helped. Red lived with that mule. He was always trying to teach the mule new tricks. Wherever you saw a crowd around the rodeo grounds you found Red putting that mule through his act.

We went to El Paso to a rodeo that went broke, and so did we. I had three horses and the mule to support. If it hadn't been for a friend I met across the Mexico border getting me a job in the Juarez bullring bulldogging, trick riding and riding the Mexican fighting bulls into the ring, Red and I would have starved to death. We finally saved enough money to ship out in a boxcar to Denver, Colorado for the Knights of Columbus Rodeo at Overland Park.

That last performance in the Juarez bullring, a kid had three puppies a month or so old, trying to sell them for 25¢ a-piece. Red had one, carrying it around, and the way that pup looked at us and wagged his tail! I dug up a quarter and Red became a father. We called the pup Taters. Taters crawled in a sack of ropes and bareback rigging we had in the back of the car and went to sleep. When we got to the border the police stopped us, and they always asked where you were born and if you had any merchandise from Mexico. But they had seen us going back and forth so much they knew us, and forgot to ask if we had any animals—so we didn't have to lie.

WHEN they let us go, we crossed into the United States, and Taters became an American citizen. After we got where we were staying, I fed Taters some goat's milk. He sure was hungry. When he couldn't hold any more his belly looked like a drum, and he just flopped where he was and went to sleep. Red and I sure liked that little dog and he looked at us like he thought we were his Great Redeemer.

I don't know why, but Taters would always snap at a cigarette if you held it down where he could get at it. Red taught him to put one out. He would grab it in his mouth and shake his head and drop it, then snap it again and again till it was out.

One day a big boy from Texas with a big cigar in his hand came by the barn looking at the horses. Taters saw the cigar and followed him till he dropped his hand low enough to grab it. Taters snapped it and throwed it and grabbed it till it was out. That big Texan hollered, "What in hell you trying to do, you damn mutt!" and took a kick at Taters.

He didn't get far. The pup had him by the pants leg and Red started telling him off, too.

Tex said, "I just lit that cigar and that damn dog grabbed it."

"Can't you read, you dummy?" Red said. "See that sign? 'No smoking around stables.' The dog was just trying to put you wise."

THAT YEAR at Frontier, Taters was the whole show. He rode the mule behind me and when the mule laid down and I was trying to get it up Taters would pull on the reins while I lifted its hind end.

I had a tin suitcase with a partition in it. I used to carry it on a bucking bronc—had some banty chickens in it. While the horse was bucking I would let the suitcase fly open and the chickens fly out.

Red cut a hole in one side of the end and added Taters to the act. From the time it was announced that I was coming out of the chute, Taters kept barking till I let the chickens out. Then when I dropped him and the suitcase flew open, he would take after the chickens and help round them up while Red put them back in the suitcase.

I asked Red how in the heck he got Taters in the suitcase. I couldn't believe it but Red said he got in by himself—he liked it.

Red was always feeling sorry for Taters when we shipped. If the train stopped, he would let him off the car to exercise and empty out. We were shipping to the Pendleton Roundup one fall. The train stopped on a siding and Red let Taters out, and away that dog went. There was a swamp alongside the track full of tules and high grass, with a little

Ed Wright. Courtesy author; from **The Sentinel**, Valley Center, California

water in it. Every once in a while Red would call Taters so he wouldn't get too far away.

The brakeman heard Red calling and came walking down to the car to look at the horses. Finally here came Taters on the run. During his exploring he had run into a skunk. He must of got the full charge; you could smell him for a mile. The brakeman laughed and Red said, "This ain't no laughing matter—I got to ride with that dog!"

He grabbed Taters by the tail and headed for the tules, dunking him till the brakeman hollered, "You better get aboard. We are pulling out."

I don't know how Red stood that smell, but when I met the train at Pendleton I got a whiff long before I got to the car. Red was standing in the door and I asked him, "Why the devil don't you take a bath?"

He said, "I smell this way from giving that damn dog of yours a bath!"

We got the stock put away and clipped Taters and gave him a carbolic acid dip. Then I took Red to the barber shop to get a bath and change of clothes. When Red went in, the barber got a whiff of him and said, "Get out of here! You don't need a bath, you need burning!" Poor Red—he got in a stall with a tub and scrubbed till his hide was sore. We buried his clothes.

I figured Red and Taters wouldn't get along for a while, but that night I got home pretty late and Red and Taters were sleeping together. I guess they had made up.

Taters never made up with strangers. If he didn't like anyone they most always deserved watching. He never forgot.

And that dog could smell a place where they sold ice cream cones for a mile against the wind. He used to run ahead and sit up by the door and if you didn't take the hint he would grab you by the pants leg and hang on till you weakened and bought him a cone.

Red and I were always teaching Taters new tricks. He caught on in a hurry. We would give him a shove and hit him with a towel till he grabbed it and hung on; then we could pull and swing him around and around. He got so he never let go till you quit dragging him or pulling.

I wore big loose pants. I used to pin a towel on the seat of my pants and it looked like my shirt tail was hanging out. I would give Taters a shove and start running; he would grab that towel, growl, and hang on with me running and rolling over. I would fall down and Taters would pull my pants off. Then I would run back of the chute and Taters would follow with my britches. The kids sure got a kick out of that. You could hear them hollering, "Sic 'em, Taters!" all the rest of the show.

ONE morning one of the cowgirls came by the stable all dressed up in her Sunday clothes. She came in the stall where we had the trunks and tack. Taters was sitting on a trunk and she gave him a shove off the trunk so she could sit on it. That was Taters' cue. He let out a growl and as she whirled he grabbed at the towel but it wasn't there—he got a mouthful of the back of her dress. He got a good hold and started growling, shaking, and pulling back. She let out a scream and Taters thought the act was on. It was a flimsy kind of dress and let go pretty quick. The weather was warm and she didn't have too much under it. I was so bashful I ran, and called Taters while I was running.

After she left I went back in the barn and we were all talking it over when I heard someone say, "You must have a new boyfriend to make you change dresses twice a day!"

She said, "That damn clown's dog denuded me, I had to go put something on. One thing I know, that clown is going to buy me a new dress for the one that dog of his tore off me!"

I ducked out the back and got away from there till she cooled off. But I ended up buying her a new dress. I told her anytime she wanted a new dress to put an old one on and come down and shove Taters off a trunk.

There was a show in California after Pendleton, so I shipped there. When it went broke I got a job working for Tom Mix at Fox Film Company. I bought a place in Burbank, California with a small barn on it, and Red and me built a bunkhouse on the end of the barn. Red got an old hot water heater from the city dump and put it at the end of the bunkhouse so we could build a fire under it and have hot water for a shower bath.

Red built a clothes closet in the corner of the bunkhouse to hang our Sunday clothes in and had a curtain for a door. He put a quilt and his sheepskin coat in the bottom, and Taters always slept there.

Every night Taters would get up and go out the screen door. It opened out, and when he give it a push you could hear it bang shut. That dog went out everytime he heard a noise, and we always had to get up and let him in. Red finally cut a big square hole in the door and put hinges on it with a piece of Ford innertube on the outside to pull it shut. When he got it done he would let Taters out then pull the hole open and let him crawl in. After several times Taters thought it was fun and we figured he'd come in by himself.

That night after we got in bed, Taters went out to make his rounds and sure enough he tried the hole, but he wasn't too sure of himself and when the flap banged shut it caught his tail. He let out the loudest yelp you ever heard. Red jumped out of bed and hollered, "Come on, Ed! Something's got Taters!"

I thought that would keep him from ever coming in that way again, but no, he just put on more speed when he went through.

Red always had a lot of pets—he called them mascots. The best one was a duck, one of those quackless kind with a red head. The duck kept going through the corral and getting in the road, and Red would go cuss it and run it back. Taters watched Red run the duck back so often he finally took over the job.

The first I knew of it, I saw Taters

(Continued on page 55)

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

It can clang an iron door behind you if Luck's not on your side!

BY ANDREW PHILLIPS

I know circumstantial evidence is necessary in our process of law enforcement; it is often accurate—is often the only thing we have to go on. But I also know, from experience, that it is not *always* accurate.

No, I was not a victim of circumstantial evidence; I did not go to jail on circumstantial evidence—but I was involved, and in this case what *happened* and what *looked like had happened* were not even remotely the same.

I lived in an oil boom town, and an oil boom town was really something in those days. Our sleepy little burg of about 800 people had grown into a sprawling spread of houses, shacks and tents within a year. The population, which could only be guessed at, was said to be more than 50,000. Within twelve months the oil companies spent over a billion dollars there on development.

The country was a maelstrom of activity, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Drilling rigs roared. Big trucks were constantly fighting the mud and the incredibly snarled traffic to get to wherever they were going. Teams of mules, as many as thirty-two in a string, tried to take their loads to drilling sites, often far from a road.

On one occasion a friend and I started on a trip in a new car. Five hours later we had made only five miles, and we had no motor trouble. Another time I hired a man to drive about four or five miles with a wagon and team for a load of freight. The trip took us eight hours. (Fortunately for me, he had agreed on the price before we started.)

When you went to the post office, you could expect to spend at least half a day getting to the general delivery window. There were always three to four lines, about a block long. Going to the bank was almost as bad.

I was nineteen years old at the time and had been attending college when I got a chance to take over a small store in the field. It looked like a good opportunity to make some quick money and I took it. Well, I learned a lot of things about people and life much quicker than I would have learned in college in a lot longer time.

My store—really, it was more like a shack—was, as I remember it, only eighteen feet wide and about thirty-six feet long. I handled mostly groceries, with some clothing and other essentials for the oil field workers. Soon I had the store crammed with merchandise, and was getting along great.

I did a lot of credit business. I made the rounds of the oil companies and asked them to send me their employes who were worthy of credit. Some of the companies would guarantee the accounts, up to a point.

I knew I would lose some, but thought I could keep the losses down where the profit picture would not be hurt, and I was able to do that. It wasn't long until I sent for my sixteen-year-old brother to help me, and we started enlarging the store.

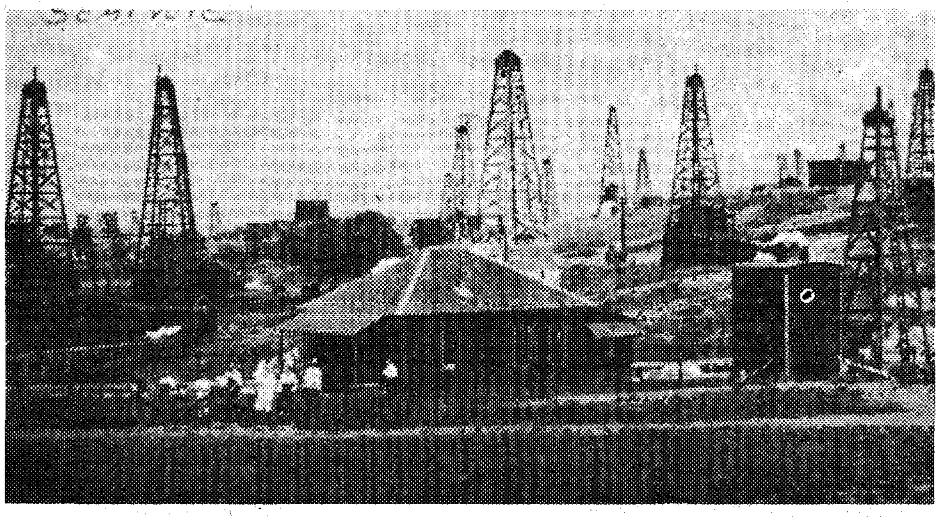
Our business hours were not set. We usually had someone wake us up about 5:30 in the morning wanting to get something for breakfast, and we always obliged. Usually by ten in the morning I would go to the bank. It was about two miles. I had a car but almost always walked. I knew how long it would take to walk, and in the car it was always just a guess.

Afternoons I usually worked in the store. There was always plenty to do, and my brother worked on the store's enlargement.

The drilling rigs worked twelve-hour shifts, which they called "tours" (pronounced "towers"). The morning shift started at midnight, the evening tour at noon. Almost all the crews ate their lunches on the rig and about eleven p.m. would come into the store, grab something to eat and hurry back to the rig. For awhile it was hectic—men getting things in a hurry, paying in a hurry, not taking time to even count their change. But it was very good business, it was all cash, and we stayed up to get it.

We also had some business, not nearly so much and not so hurried, from the men leaving the rigs. By about 12:30 it

Early-day view of an oil field at Seminole, Oklahoma.



GOLD
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Aside from the sheer enjoyment of getting out and away from it all "GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT." It could be in the next creek bed or up on the hillside. BUT WOULD YOU KNOW IT WHEN YOU SAW IT? Or any of the other rare and valuable

MINERALS AND METALS

That are often found along with gold - such as silver and platinum. Would you know where to look, how to read the signs? How many times have you walked right on past valuable and needed deposits of

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or in gullies or isolated on mountain tops and sidehills that only need a sluice box and a small flow of water to wash many ounces of gold out of the sand. GOLD is found in many unexpected places, which can be located by a trained prospector who has what it takes to really look!

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was time to get to bed, for the next day it would be the same, and 5:30 came quickly.

The store was heated by a pot-bellied stove in the middle, filled with scrap iron, with a gas burner underneath. We got our gas by having an oil company employe go out some night and put a "collar" on a gas line. It was all illegal, but the oil companies didn't mind so long as it was not official and they could not be held liable. In fact, it was just about the only way to heat, the regulations for public utilities being what they were, and are. We had a control device to regulate the fire at the stove, and hidden from the view of the customers we had another. If the loafers got too thick, I would slip back and cut down the fire. When the room would get cold enough, they would leave and I would turn up the fire. Light was from gasoline lanterns.

BUT to get back to the circumstantial evidence: I had a very good friend who ran a little hamburger joint across a vacant lot from the store. He was a dried up little runt of a guy, with a face badly scarred from an automobile accident. In the summer he was a carnival man; in the winter he would work at something else—the cafe, for example. It was a long time before I knew his name; we always just called him "Shorty." Almost every man in the oil fields had a nickname, with "Shorty", "Runt", "Slim", "Blacky", "Heavy", "Whitey", or "Baldy", taking care of most of them.

Some of the fellows said Shorty sold other things—some of them very illegal—in his cafe. I never knew; I didn't even eat many of his hamburgers, but we became good friends. He would come over evenings and talk about his experiences in the carnival business, and he was an entertaining talker. He claimed to be a cousin of the Great Houdini, said he knew most of the tricks the great man had used, said most of them were simple and were done with mirrors.

He was always trying to get me to go into show business with him, with me to be the magician. Said he knew how, but did not have the size or the personality to be successful, which was true. He said I had both (which was doubtful) and we could get rich. Of course, he was to furnish the brains, I was to furnish the money, and I was never slightly interested in an arrangement like that. In fact, I was not interested in show business, period.

My brother and I slept in a curtained-off place in the back of the store. For protection I slept with a .45 caliber Colt's revolver under my pillow. And because I was ignorant, I kept all six cylinders loaded.

The oil companies—most of them, at least—paid off once a month on the tenth. For several days before payday, I would try to accumulate as much cash as I could, and as I dared, to have ready to cash checks for my customers.

On the night of the seventh of this particular month, we had some free time after supper and I decided, for no good reason at all, to clean and oil my gun. I removed the cartridges, oiled the gun and started to clean it when some customers came in. I started to put the gun

(Continued on page 39)

HOW “POKER TOM” GOT HIS NAME

BY JOE H. SMITH

Photos Courtesy Author

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid were long overdue to kill each other. Tom Emory knew it and was about to be a part of it, but he couldn't see any reason not to play out his hand

ONE DAY in the late 1870s, a small, sandy-haired young man on a tired horse rode to the LIT ranch of George W. Littlefield near Tascosa in the Texas Panhandle, and asked for a job. Bill McCarty, ranch boss, hired the rider and asked him his “traveling” name. The man said it was Tom Emory.

Tom Emory became one of the best cowboys, gamblers, and fighters along the Canadian River. Plenty of sand in his craw, folks said. By summer of 1880 large ranch owners in the Panhandle—Littlefield, W. C. Moore of the LX, and Ellsworth Torrey of TS—had had a bellyful of hard cases who were stealing their cattle and horses wholesale and selling them at mining camps and forts in New Mexico. They decided to act.

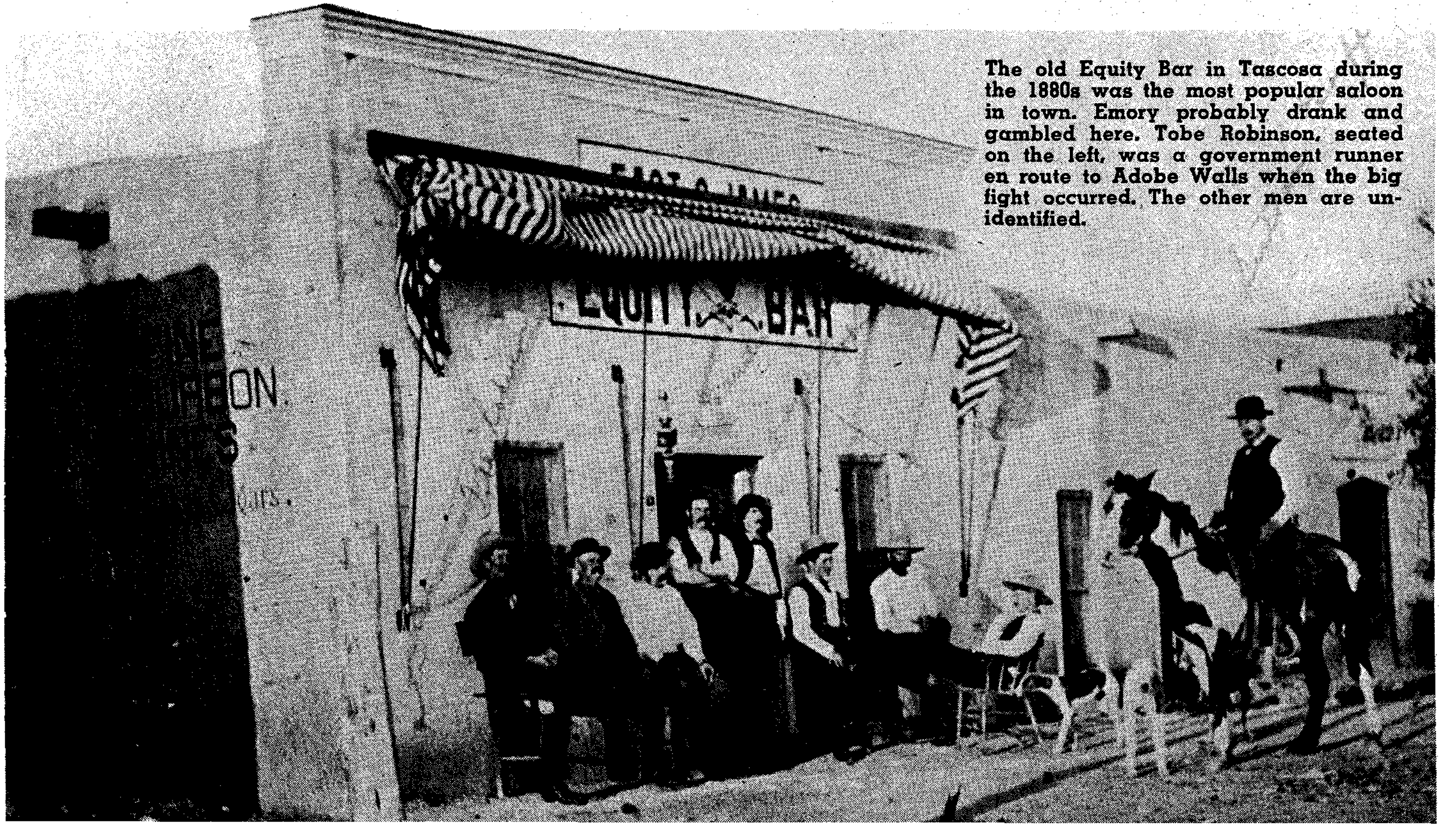
That fall about a dozen hand-picked fighters from the three ranches were selected to go to New Mexico and aid newly elected Sheriff Pat Garrett of Lincoln County in rounding up Billy the Kid and his men and recovering what livestock they could.

The ones named to go on this dangerous mission were Lon Chambers, Lee Hall, Cal Polk, Jim East, and Charles Siringo of the LX; Tom Emory, Bob Williams, Louis Bousman, and Bob Robinson of the LIT; and Frank Stewart, formerly with Torrey but then a stock detective for Panhandle ranchers, a man who was in close touch with Garrett.

The Texans were to meet the sheriff and his deputies at Anton Chico, forty miles south of Las Vegas, and make medicine for the assault. They left in late November with plenty of guns, good horses, and two wagons. One wagon carried bedding and camp gear; the other was empty. The party moved up the Canadian to Trujillo, Texas on the New Mexico border, then to San Hilario. Out of San Hilario a-ways, Siringo took the empty wagon and $500 in expense money. He was to swing up by Las Vegas and lay in a supply of groceries, overshoes, horse feed, gloves, and whiskey and rejoin the party at Anton Chico.

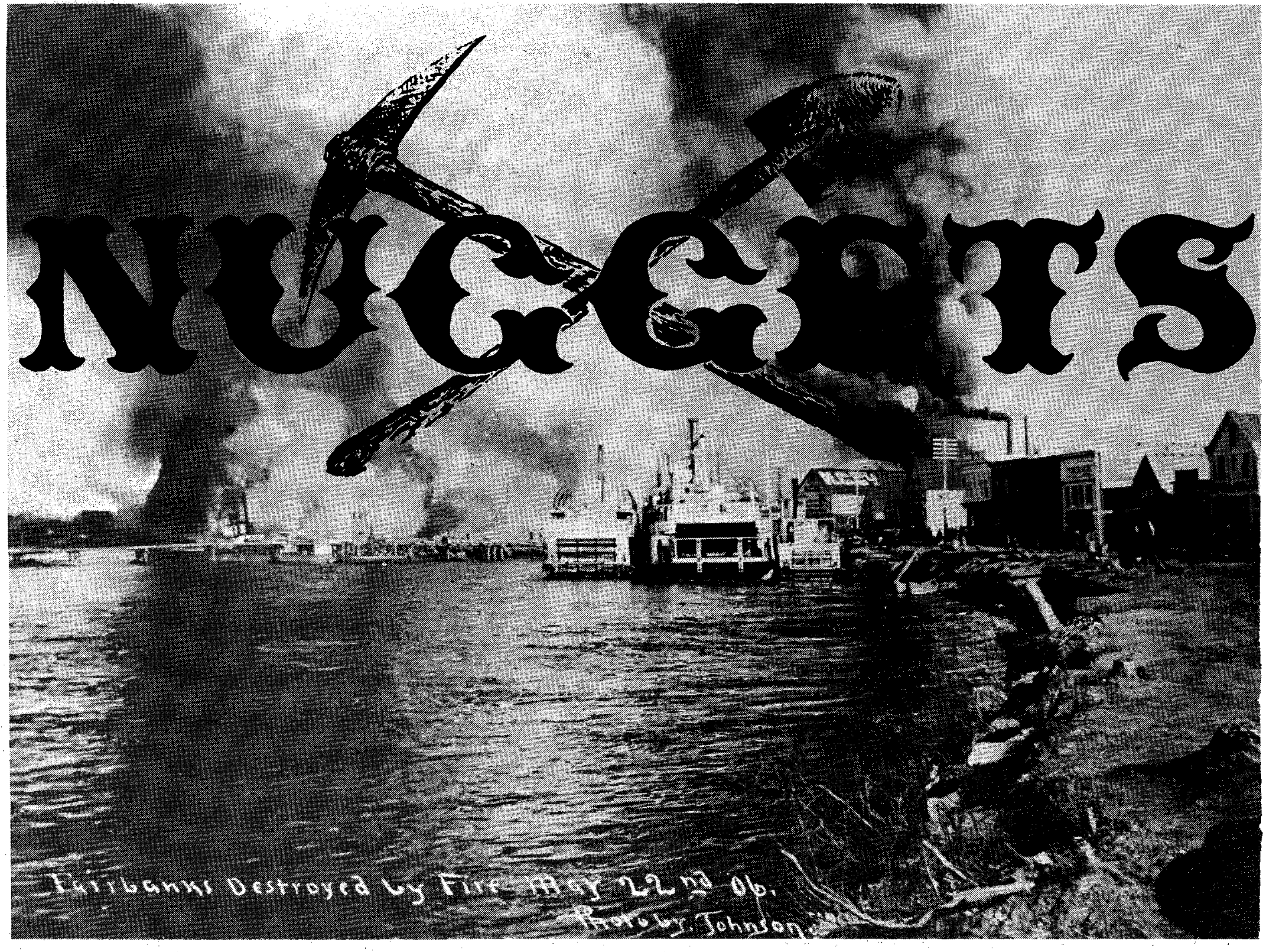
The rest of the Texans moved across the mesa-studded country to meet Garrett, and he was there to greet them. Siringo came in the next night, but he was driving an empty wagon. He had lost the expense money in a poker game. “We almost took five hundred dollars worth of hide off the little

(Continued on page 37)



The old Equity Bar in Tascosa during the 1880s was the most popular saloon in town. Emory probably drank and gambled here. Tobe Robinson, seated on the left, was a government runner en route to Adobe Walls when the big fight occurred. The other men are unidentified.

NUGGETS



Above: The fire that almost destroyed Fairbanks in 1906 pictured at its height. The Northern Commercial (NC) Company powerhouse which supplied steam power to run the water pumps is at the right of the three sternwheelers tied up at the river's edge.

Both pages, University of Alaska Archives photos, Courtesy Author

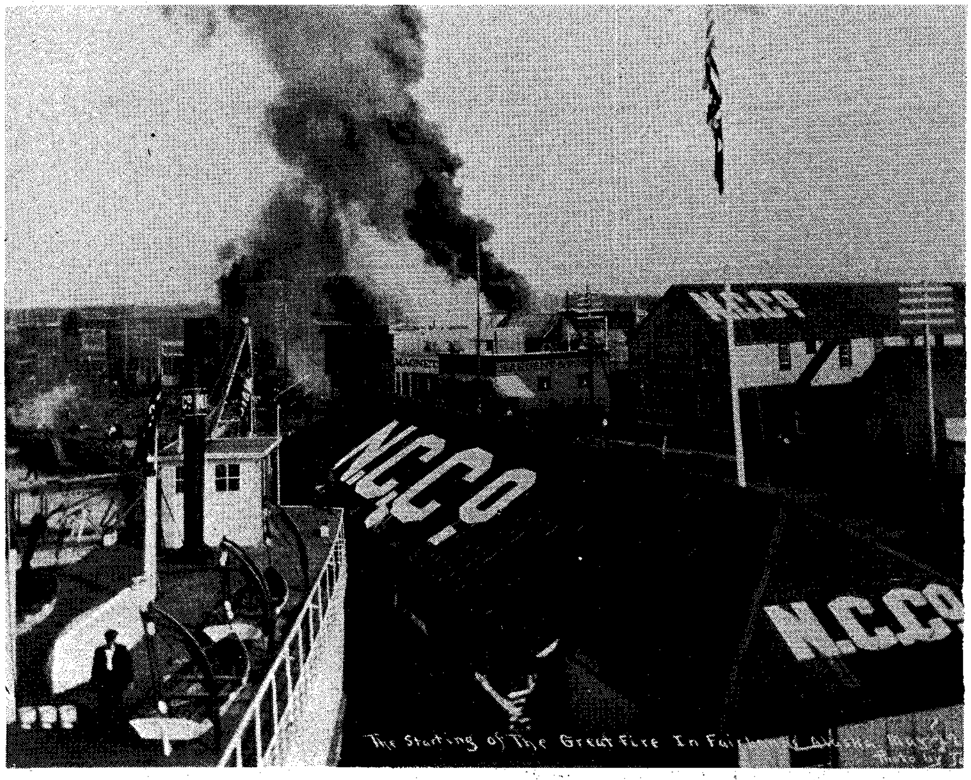
A TON OF BACON SAVED FAIRBANKS

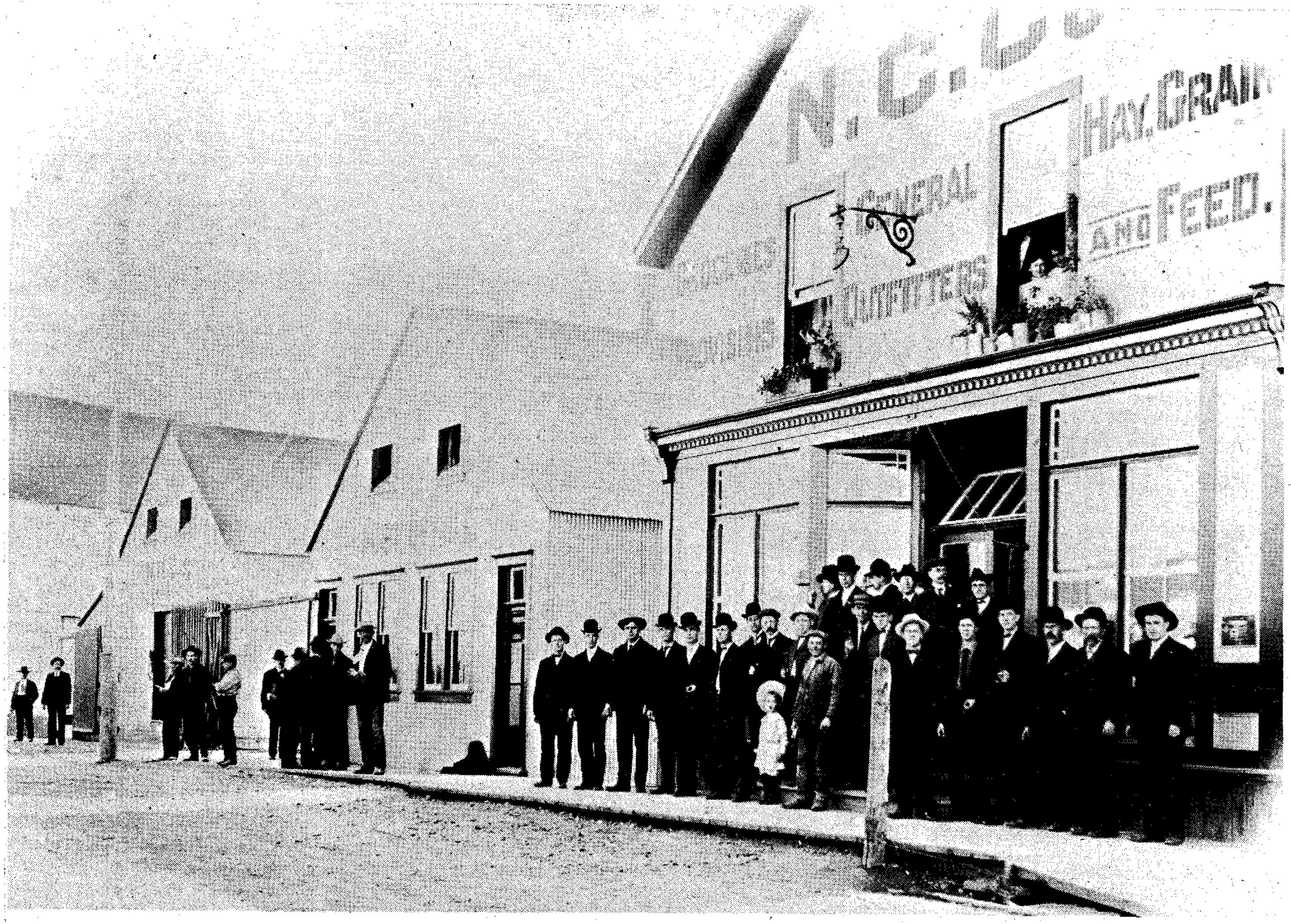
By Howard Clifford

JUST as the Klondike had its famous "ton of gold," Alaska had its "ton of bacon." The Klondike gold, when landed from the *S.S. Portland* on the docks of Seattle in the summer of 1897, started the great rush northward; the Fairbanks bacon, used in a most unusual manner, saved the town from destruction by fire in the spring of 1906.

Fairbanks had some 5,000 persons. Its buildings were constructed of unpeeled logs, whipsawed lumber and sawdust insulation, and flanked by wooden sidewalks. The community had been founded in 1901 by Captain E. T. Barnette, en route up the Chena River with goods to start a trading post in the interior. Captain Barnette was aboard the sternwheeler *LaVelle Young,* skippered by Captain C. W. Adams, which was unable to progress farther upstream due to low water during the late summer months. Barnette elected to unload his goods at that point rather than return downstream and try again the next spring. He was accompanied by his wife and four helpers, and they constructed a home, a warehouse and a store, the beginning of the town of

Below: Start of the Fairbanks blaze. The NC store and powerplant, center and right, with a company sternwheeler, left foreground.




N. C. Co.
GENERAL OUTFITTERS
HAY, GRAIN AND FEED.

The NC Co. general store and staff pictured about the time of the fire. Second from right is Volney Richmond, company manager, who gave the order for the town's supply of bacon to be brought to the powerhouse.

Fairbanks. The next summer Felix Pedro and his partner, Tom Gilmore, discovered gold in a nearby creek and the rush was on.

The fire that nearly destroyed the town struck suddenly in mid-afternoon on May 22. It began in the three-story Fairbanks Building, located on Cushman Street between Front Street and Second Avenue. The Eagles Lodge was on the top floor; offices of doctors, dentists, lawyers and others were on the second floor; and a bank, clothing store, drug store, jewelry store, saloon and a cigar store were on the ground level.

Flames were first noticed in the ceiling in the office of Dr. Moore, a dentist. They spread to curtains blowing in the open window. Then the entire building was rocked by an explosion, believed to have been caused by gasoline, which the dentist had been warned about storing in his office.

A south wind quickly fanned the flames. The entire block, known as the Apple block, was soon ablaze. Occupants were lucky to escape, some being forced to leap from second-story windows.

Within minutes the volunteer fire department was on hand and all able-bodied men in town were working frantically trying to control the fire and remove everything possible from the burning building. Any kind of conveyance was utilized to move things to safer ground, for articles from the vacated offices were stacked everywhere.

The flames, fanned by increasingly brisk winds, jumped Front Street and spread to the waterfront, destroying a steamer and a storage boat. Soon the whole waterfront was on fire. Then flames jumped Cushman, and were racing back down the block on the other side of Cushman and on Turner Street.

Dynamite was used to level buildings to keep the inferno from spreading. So rapidly, however, did the fire travel that firefighting crews at times were forced to drop their hose lines and flee for their lives, without even the opportunity to turn off the water. Fire hoses streamed uselessly into the gutters, diminishing the water pressure without helping put out the blaze.

The exhausted men were fighting a losing battle to save their town. Pressure continued to drop. Sparks burned through the canvas hose lines, and many a hose was emptying onto the sidewalk, far short of the blazing buildings.

"MORE PRESSURE, more pressure!" was the cry to the powerhouse, owned and operated by Northern Commercial (NC) Company, which supplied the town with water and electricity as well as foodstuffs and staples.

A wood-burning furnace was used to keep steam pressure up to operate the pumps, and the wood supply was almost gone. More pressure was needed to save the town, but no more fuel was available. Volney Richmond, NC Company manager, was in charge of the powerhouse. He made a desperate decision. Quickly he ordered all the bacon in the warehouse brought to the powerhouse.

Teams, earning their owners a dollar a second to salvage goods from the burning buildings, gave their services free to haul wagonloads of six- and ten-pound slabs of bacon to the furnace. All hands stoked the boilers as slab after slab was tossed inside.

"At 500 pounds of bacon, the hot grease was a thunderous roar and the pressure was rising," a report of the day stated. "At 900 pounds water was stronger in the hose lines and volunteers could play their streams over men rushing and out of the crackling buildings."

Some 2,000 pounds of bacon went into the power plant fire boxes, and the blaze was contained within a four-block square area.

By five o'clock the "ton of bacon" (which at the time sold over the counter at from 40 to 60 cents a pound) was gone, and the fire was out—none too soon. It had burned to within ten feet of the powerhouse, which had been covered with blankets soaked down by hoses from four of the NC Company sternwheelers, the *Tanana*, the *Schwatka*, the *Seattle III*, and the *Koyukuk*, tied up along the nearby shore.

Bacon, long the basic food of the Alaskan camps and trails, was often literally "worth its weight in gold." In this case a ton of bacon had been traded for the town of Fairbanks and no fatalities.

LITTLE GEORGE GOT THERE IN TIME

By Dave Hopkins

IT WAS an early morning in September in about 1912 when "Little George" Blodgett saddled his horse in Pine, Arizona for the trip to Camp Verde with the mail, having picked it up in Payson the evening before. He found a postal inspector waiting to make the ride with him across the rough and rocky mail-trail to the Verde Valley fifty miles one way to Payson.

Little George was considerate of the inspector, stopping on occasion to let him rest and giving him a longer rest at Fossil Creek where he could drink his fill of clear water. They carried no lunch.

As they started downhill from Mud Tanks George struck up a jog trot. He was getting hungry. The inspector followed without complaint though he was feeling the grind of the long day. A fresh horse at Clear Creek helped both men, and they started riding the last six miles to their destination.

George had a reputation of "getting the mail through," as the saying goes, "in spite of hell or high water." When they reached the Verde River to find it in flood stage from bank to bank, George didn't slacken his pace but spurred his horse into the rolling water. The inspector cried out, "George! Hey, George!" George's response to this was a short "Come on!"

The inspector followed into the river, not quite sure whether he wanted to or not, but his horse was a good swimmer and they made it across without incident. Once across the stream George slowed down for a short way and reached into his shirt pocket for the makin's of a Bull Durham cigaret. He was wet from just below the shirt pocket on down but his tobacco was dry. As George lit up his smoke, the inspector caught up and started to lecture him that it wasn't necessary to cross swollen streams with mail, etc. to hold his job, that one should wait for the water to recede.

To this George gave him the following answer: "Yes, Inspector, but they always ring the dinner bell at six o'clock at the hotel and we have to be there."

It was my mother, Lucy Hopkins, who used to ring that dinner bell!

BRAVERY OF AN INDIAN

By Albert Enzmann

IT WAS in 1901 when they had the last Indian scare in northern Minnesota, and the southern part of Ontario.

A certain well known chief of the Chippewas had a dream at Leach Lake. The Great Spirit told him to take all the members of his tribe and any other Indian who would join him to a large island in Rainy Lake, where they would be safe. The Spirit said it was his intention to kill all white men, and destroy everything that the white man had brought into this country. Therefore all Ojibway (as they called themselves) should appear only in buckskin or in fringed khaki that looked like buckskin.

Only the head chief and two lesser chiefs visited the various reservations in northern Minnesota and Ontario, making speeches, but within a month Indians were seen traveling north from central Minnesota, and south from the central part of Ontario, and all were in birch bark canoes. International Falls, Minnesota was then known as the village of Koochiching. It was named after a nearby waterfall.

The settlers were not alarmed until it was found that the Indians had bought every gun, every pound of black powder, and every cartridge available. It was also learned that it would take at least a week to get a new supply, as the Canadian Northern was still under construction.

Joe Baker had reserved one acre of ground when he sold his homestead of 100 acres to Mr. Rockwood of Minneapolis in 1893. He had got $10 per acre for it to be paid in installments. Joe Baker showed me a photograph, in which his acre was almost completely covered by birch bark canoes. But realizing that his acre was closest to town and nearest to the cataract, and all of the surrounding land was still in timber and brush, it was not surprising. Joe told me that many of the Indians carried their canoes uptown, only to find another problem—where to park them while they were buying supplies to continue their journey. (When the Indians were instructed to destroy anything they got from the white man, that of course did not include guns, knives, traps, ammunition and gunpowder.)

Anytime Joe Baker left his cabin, he always saw to it that his wife and family were supplied with plenty of wood and water so they would not have to leave the cabin. He never returned before 8 p. m.

THE WHITES held public meetings to organize a Home Guard and to send scouts in all directions to every settler living on lakes and streams, to warn them against selling guns and ammunition to the Indians.

One day, when some Indians were crossing Joe's acre, an Indian dog had killed three chickens before its owner had a chance to call the dog back. So Joe Baker told the Home Guard that they would have to get along without him; that he would stay home and protect his wife and family, also the chickens.

The following day three Indians crossed his property. Joe was so mad that he shot all the dogs with birdshot, using a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with both bird and buckshot. If the Indians had been armed, they would have gotten the buckshot. They were young fellows and they seemed to take it for a joke. Laughing, they picked up the three dead dogs, but left some dead chickens that had been in the line of fire.

The following day, Joe had to go uptown to report this incident, and while he was gone an elderly couple of Indians came and set up a tepee close to his cabin.

When Joe returned from a meeting the townspeople had held, it was beginning to get dark. He was furious when he saw that tepee. He ran to his cabin and returned with an old-fashioned muzzle-loading horse pistol he had gotten from his uncle, Alexander Baker, with the explanation that it was loaded for bear. That had been twenty years before, and it had never been fired.

Joe put the muzzle on the old Indian's chest and said, "This is my land. Get off!"

The old Indian just folded his arms and said, "Shoot!"

It might not go off at all, or it might fly to pieces, Joe thought. But there that Indian stood like a statue, while his squaw screamed. Then Joe struck a match and set fire to the birch-bark tepee.

When the Indian woman saw what was going to happen, she rubbed out the flame with her hands. Then she rolled off the bark, and packed it in the canoe; next she took down the poles and stacked them in the canoe also. Finally she coaxed her "worst half" to join her. He had been standing there, leaning against a tree like he was petrified. The woman was crying and mumbling something like, "White man no good. They are all alike."

The Indians left, and the following day Joe Baker saw their tepee standing on the other side of the river, in Canada. Three days later, the old man returned with three fat ducks, and an interpreter in the shape of his grandson, fifteen years old. The boy was an honor student in an Indian high school. He explained that his grandpa, seeing no man around, thought Mrs. Baker was a widow and, knowing that some of the Indians were bad, he insisted on setting his tepee on Baker's acre over his own wife's protest. He wanted to be in a position to protect Mrs. Baker and her children.

Joe and his wife felt awfully cheap, especially since the Indian couple had brought along some Canadian white neighbors whom they had known for many years and whom Joe had known for many years also. The Canadians spoke the Ojibway language so the Indians had visited them everytime they came to the border. (A treaty with the U. S. and Canada allowed them to cross the border at will.)

The first thing Joe did was invite the old couple back to his property to stay as long as they wanted to, including their grandson and his parents, his brothers and sisters. Joe wanted very much to prove to the old Indian woman that all white men were not alike.

The local situation was properly described by wire to the governor of Minnesota, who promptly called a skeleton battalion of 300 National Guard men into service. From Duluth the troops traveled by train, but the last 115 miles had to be made by canoe and keelboat like the *voyageurs*.

When the soldiers arrived, the big chief had another dream, in which he was told that the Great Spirit had changed his mind and ordered all Indians to return to their homes. They obeyed, and every canoe carried a white flag at the bow. The Bakers' newly found friends, however, stayed three weeks longer, and every member of the family hated to see them leave.

I met several boys during World War I who had served in that battalion. In those 115 miles there were numerous portages to make, and they learned to thoroughly hate keelboats. They were absolutely necessary, though, for hauling cannons and other freight.

MARTIN JENSEN AND LEO THE LION

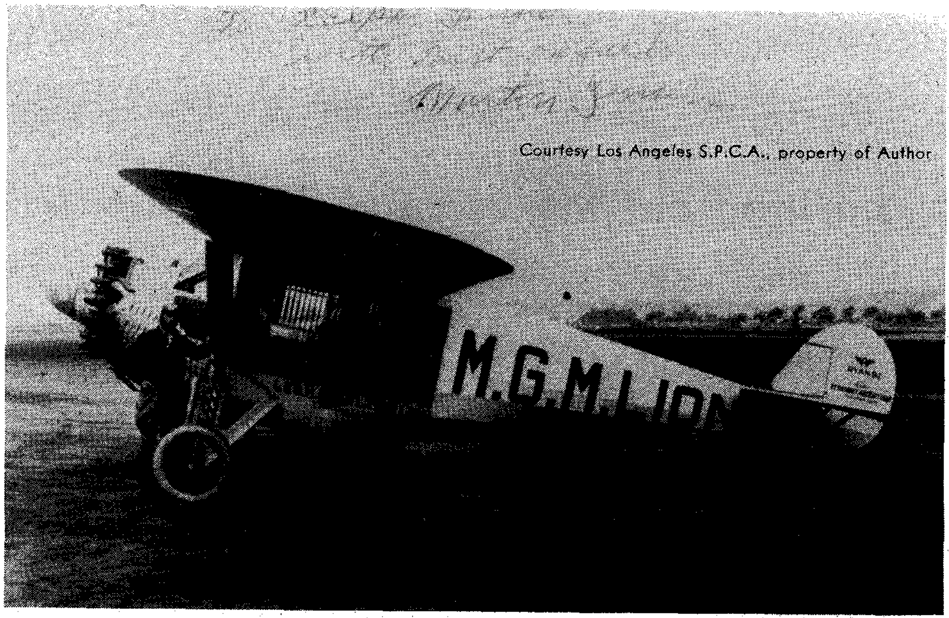
By Ralph A. Fisher, Sr.

ON September 16, 1975 it will be forty-eight years since Martin Jensen, famed flier of the 1920s and second-place winner of the historic Pacific Ocean Dole Race from California to Hawaii, with his passenger, Leo, MGM's famous roaring lion, made unexpected headlines in Arizona.

The residents of the Payson area watched a small yellow plane cross the low, grass-covered hills near Gisela in what was a desperate attempt to gain altitude and clear the rugged Mogollon Rim a short distance ahead.

Jensen, a crackerjack flier of aviation's pioneering days, had departed California with 450 gallons of fuel. In a specially constructed cage of his Ryan plane rode Leo the Lion. The cross-country flight was to be a publicity stunt of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer and it received worlds of publicity, but not all of it as the movie company had planned. Jensen, Leo and the Ryan failed to gain the necessary altitude, and crashed in Hell's Canyon of lower Tonto Creek in the Tonto National Forest.

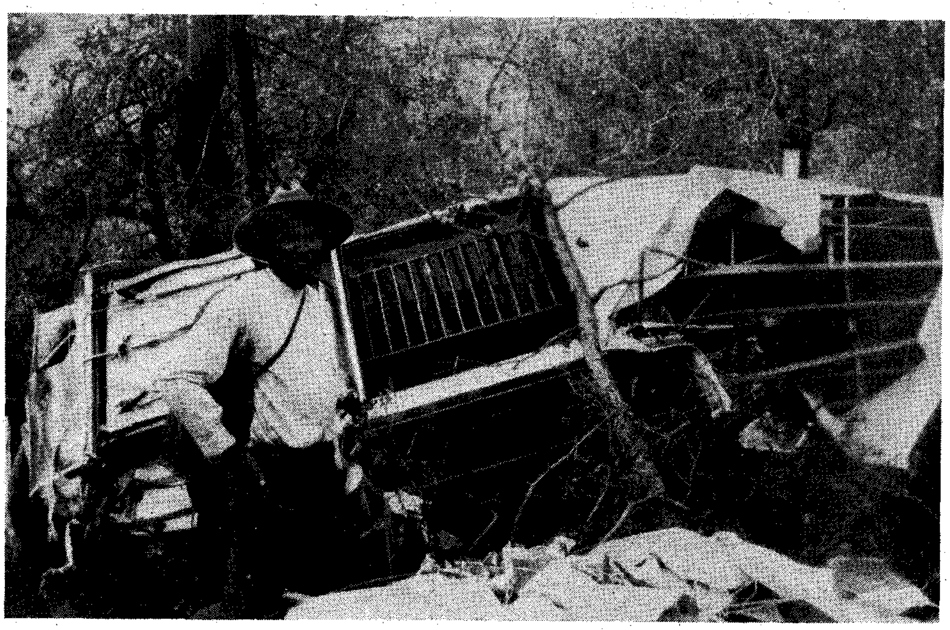
MGM had contracted with Jensen a month after he had won $10,000 in the Dole Air Derby in his plane, the Aloha. Jensen was hired to fly the famous MGM trademark, Leo, from California to New York and the East Coast on the cross-country publicity stunt.



Courtesy Los Angeles S.P.C.A., property of Author

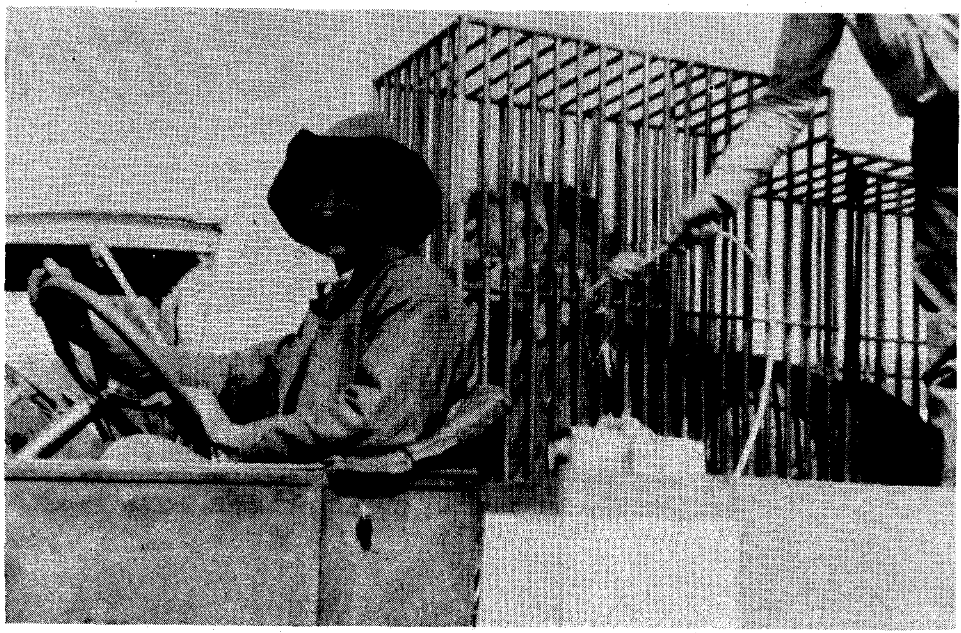
Above: Martin Jensen stands by his Ryan plane prior to take-off on the flight that crashed into Hell's Canyon, Arizona.

Below: Lewis Pyle, Payson cattleman and former mule pack-train driver, stands beside Jensen's wrecked monoplane.



Above and below, Courtesy William Boardman Collection, property of Author

Below: Dave Martin and Leo pose at Payson after the rescue.

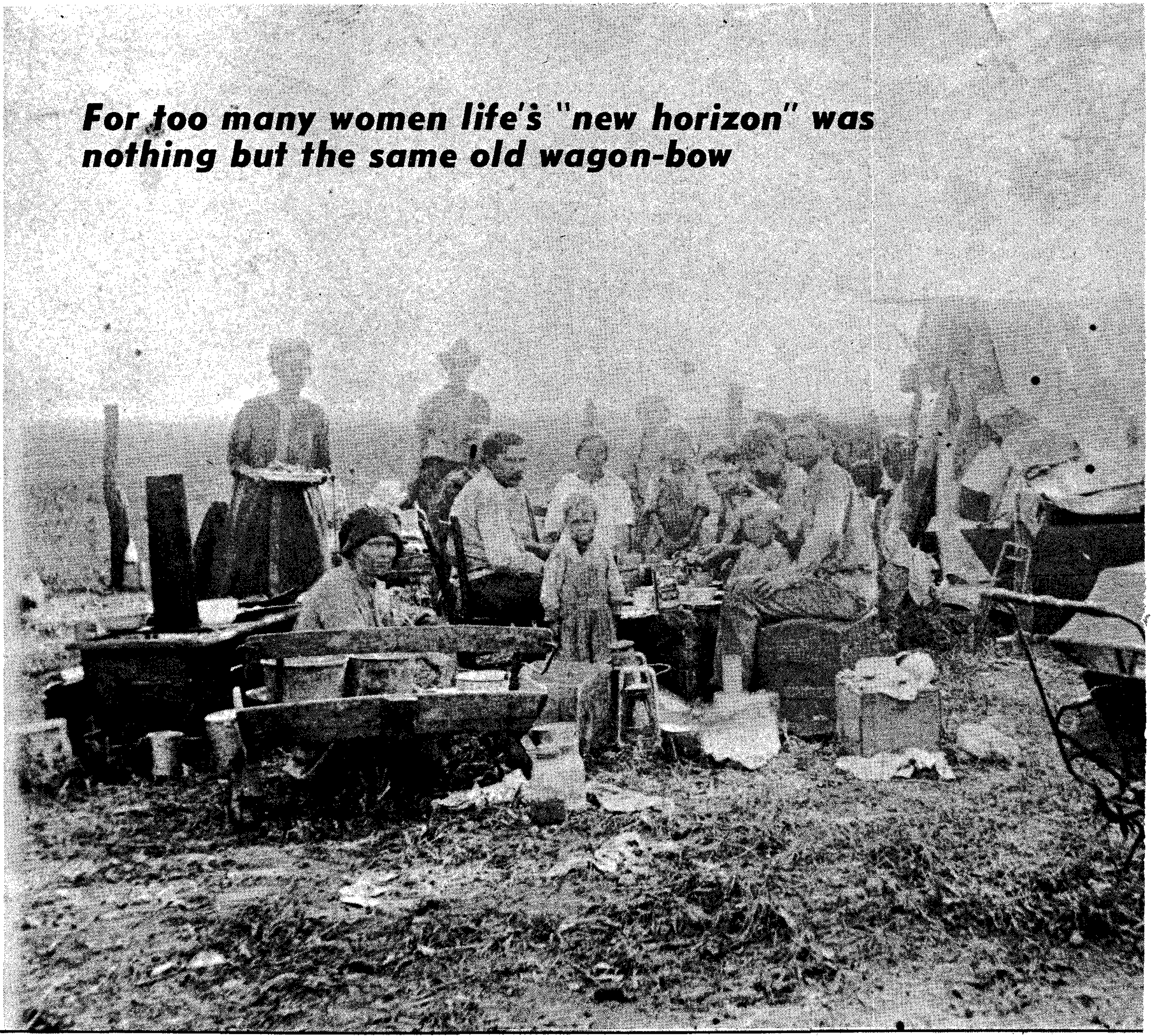


The accident in Hell's Canyon occurred about 2:30 p.m. on Friday afternoon and for seven days and nights the "angry voice of Leo, the trapped lion, roared out in loud protest through the forest." Jensen walked away from the crash, gave Leo what food was left, and then headed downstream to arrive at the Booth cabin in Gisela five days later. A rescue party was organized to return to the scene of the wreck. These local ranchers slaughtered a calf at the Sam Haught ranch in Star Valley for Leo in case he was still alive.

The ranchers, not accustomed to handling wild animals with kid gloves, treated MGM's pet lion with extreme kindness for he was no ordinary stock-killing lion that roamed the wilds; he was, indeed, a celebrity.

A barndoor sled drawn by four horses brought the injured Leo safely to Payson where he was given all the attention due one so famous. The late Grady Harrison provided room and board in his garage, while Grace Castersen and other

(Continued on page 39)



For too many women life's "new horizon" was nothing but the same old wagon-bow

"My Back Feels Some Better

BY OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photo Courtesy Author

Explanatory Note: A diary was kept by a courageous young woman who, as a bride, left her native Missouri to travel by covered wagon to New Mexico Territory. Her new husband, Thomas Younger, expected to homestead there. With the newlyweds were Thomas' parents and his cousins Fate and Abner Summers.

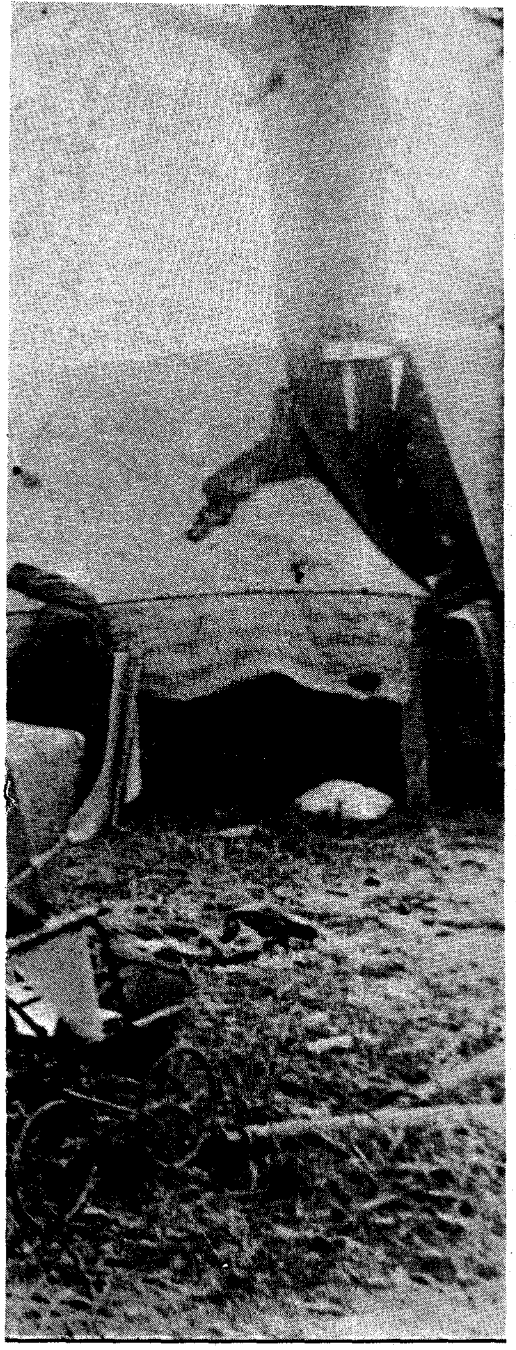
By the time the three covered wagons reached the western part of Indian Territory the old folks were worn out, and both of them rest in a small cemetery near where they died. The journey ended. Ten years and seven children later, the Youngers and the Summers brothers started back to the home of the Summers boys' mother just east of Muskogee. It was a distance of some 250 miles by wagon. Two weeks after their arrival Mrs. Younger gave birth to her eighth child.

Dee Younger of Chelsea, Oklahoma provided a copy of his mother's diary and also the old family photograph.

WED, NOV. 9, 1910: At home ten miles west of Walters [Oklahoma]. Thomas and Fate are determined to get away tomorrow and there is still so much to do that I get tired just thinking about all of it. Thomas has fixed a big grub box on the tailgate of our wagon and we have a bed all fixed up nice inside. Me and the kids will sleep in the wagon and Thomas and Fate and Abner will sleep under the wagons. Virgie and their kids will sleep in Fate's wagon. We will have to lead the milk cow behind the wagon for we have to have milk for Dee.

Media is big enough, even if she is only eight years old, to be a lot of help to me about the cooking and other work. Goodness knows I am going to need help. I dread to think about having to cook over a camp fire as I am so clumsy right now.

Thursday, Nov. 10: We are on our way. We got started about nine o'clock this morning and we stopped and ate a cold



Seated behind the spring seat is Mrs. Younger and standing in the center front, three-year-old Dee. Thomas Younger is sitting on the trunk, right front. What appears to be a tent is the wagon bed which had been removed to live in for a few days.

Tonight"

dinner on Pecan Creek. Dee can't say Muskogee. He keeps saying we are going to Shakanooga. I don't see how he gets Muskogee out of that but we have a lot of fun asking him where we are going just to hear him say it—Shakanooga.

We are camped now for our first night on East Chase Creek. It is warm weather and we are fine. Thomas has got to buy wagon bows the first town we come to for we don't even have the wagon sheet up. If it starts to rain all we can do is throw it over us and we will be sure to get everything soaked, for of course the canvas will leak where ever anything touches it. I hope we get some wagon bows tomorrow so we can get the wagon sheet on.

Friday, Nov. 11: We stopped and cooked dinner at Holden and I bought this little book. It cost a nickel. I will keep my record in it now. I have put down already the stuff I wrote yesterday.

We found an apple tree at an old home place where the house had burned down and we picked up a peck of good apples. We found a frying pan and a joint of stove pipe at an old camp ground this morning and we got them and brought them with us. Can't see why anyone would throw away a good frying pan and stove pipe.

We are camped tonight on Big Beaver Creek and there is lots of pecans. After we got supper over we took the lantern and picked up pecans, but Dee was cross and tired and my back hurts something awful so we came on back to camp and left the others picking up pecans. I have got Dee asleep already and I am writing in my little book by the light from the camp fire. They have both lanterns with them gathering the pecans. I am going to bed too, as I feel a little tired.

Saturday, Nov. 12: Everyone was so tired from picking up pecans that we got off to a late start this morning. Must have been at least eight o'clock. We stopped for nooning at Hill Creek and I felt so tired and bad that Media did most of the cooking tonight. Thomas said that when we come to another town that he was going to buy three or four loaves of store bought light bread so I will not have to cook biscuits in the dutch oven. It takes so much time to wait for the camp fire to burn down so we can have hot coals to bake with, that it makes us late getting started again. We surely need to make all the time we can while the weather holds so good.

We are now camped on Wildhorse Creek near Marlow, and Thomas bought some light bread and some sweet potatoes and he got some real good lean, streaked salt meat for 13 cents a pound. The store bought bread is such a treat for the kids I can't hardly keep them out of it. But of course we can't afford very much store bought bread at 5 cents a loaf.

Thomas got the wagon bows too and he put them up first thing when we made camp while I was cooking supper. I boiled potatoes with the jackets on, fried a big platter of the salt meat, baked a big dutch oven of biscuits and made milk gravy to go with everything. My goodness how we ate. Dee cried for the store bought bread and Thomas said to give him some and he [Dee] didn't hardly eat anything else but bread.

Sunday, Nov. 13: We got off to a late start again. At least Thomas says it was late. He always is in such a hurry to get started so we can make more miles. He says we should make at least 15 miles a day every day and on some of these roads, or trails rather, or just across country with no roads at all it is a hard day's drive.

We ate dinner three miles east of College Mound and we found some of the biggest and best Black Haws I ever saw. We are camped now 4 miles east of Bailey and after we made camp and got supper over a man driving a pair of real poor jennies came up and wanted to camp with us. Thomas told him to light down, that we'd be glad to have company. The man was plumb drunk. As soon as he got off the wagon seat we knew it and he started, pretty soon, to cussin' and saying bad things so Thomas told him to just keep driving. He went, too. I guess he could see that Thomas was mad about that kind of talk.

NOV. 14, 1910: It is cold tonight and is really the first time we have needed to keep a good fire going to keep the men warm. So far they have managed just fine by rolling up in their blankets under the wagons but tonight it is real cold and I think we may get sleet or snow by tomorrow.

I would hate for the baby to get here early. The trip in the jolting old covered wagon would be mighty hard on me but we would just have to keep going.

We did get off earlier this morning. Just boiled coffee, fried a platter of salt meat, and ate the light bread Thomas bought.

Abner's old horse got sick today so we just got to Washita for dinner. We came on through Lindsay and Thomas went in the store and got enough fresh beef for supper. It was sure high. He had to pay 80 cents for enough beef to make a mess. [There were twelve people in the party—three men, two women, and seven children!]

Thomas tried to just get some pork since the boiling beef was so high, but they did not have any pork. I boiled the beef in the big dinner pot and made dumplings to go with it. Virgie [Fate's wife] made the bread and fried a big skillet of potatoes. We opened a half gallon of my canned blackberries and made a big pot of blackberry dumplings. It sure tasted good. I ate so much that Virgie said to watch out, the baby might be borned tonight. If I do get sick . . . Virgie and Fate will take all the kids in their wagon to sleep.

Tuesday, Nov. 15: Sure enough when we got up this morning it was raining and cold with a sharp wind blowing. The wagon seemed awful damp and cold so Thomas lit the lantern and hung it up inside and it made the wagon real nice. We never had much breakfast as it was raining so much it was hard to keep the fire going, but we managed to boil coffee and we ate the light bread and the kids finished eating the blackberry cobbler. We hurried up and drove to Payne and made camp and cooked dinner under a shed at the wagon yard and we have stayed the rest of the day here. Me and Media and Virgie washed out some clothes and dryed out the things that had got wet in the rain last night.

It has turned off so cold and wet that Thomas got afraid we would get caught

(Continued on page 61)

Charles M. Russell Color Prints

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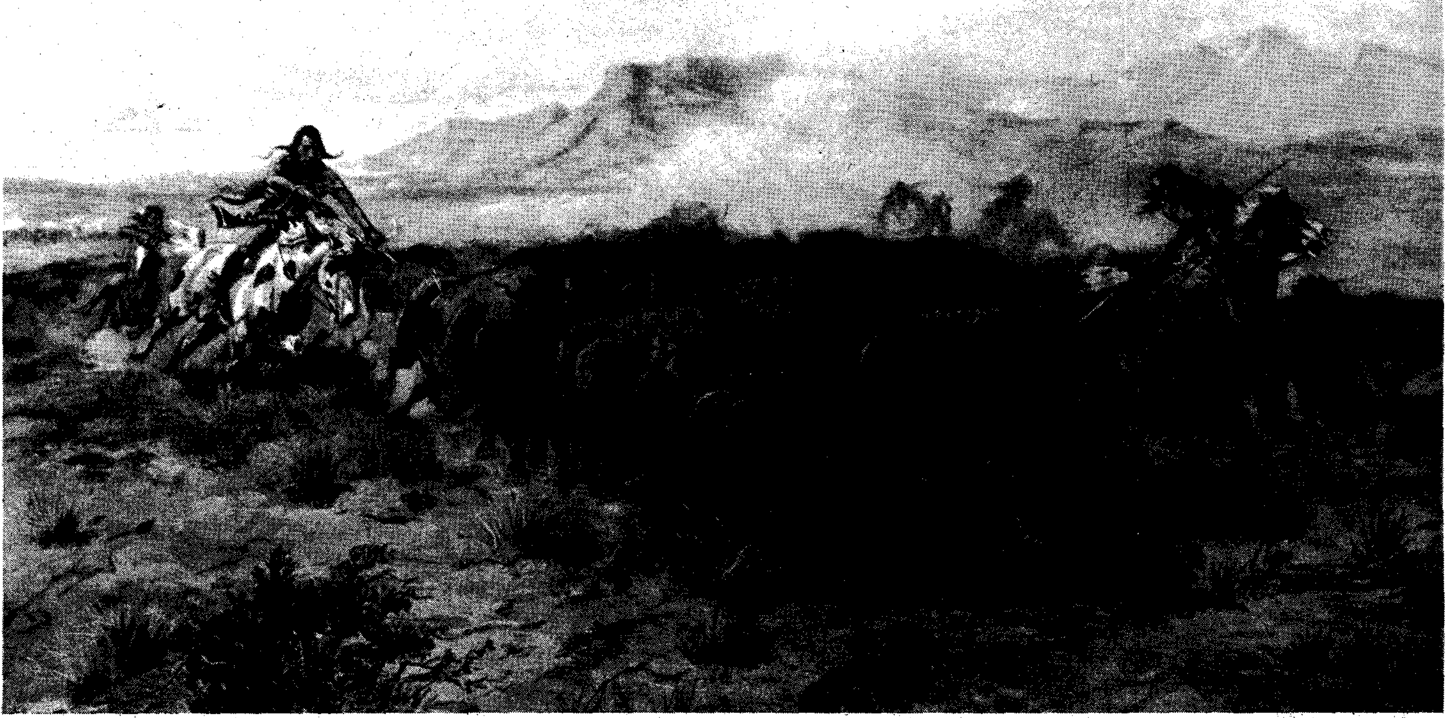
This is #101, "The Buffalo Hunt."



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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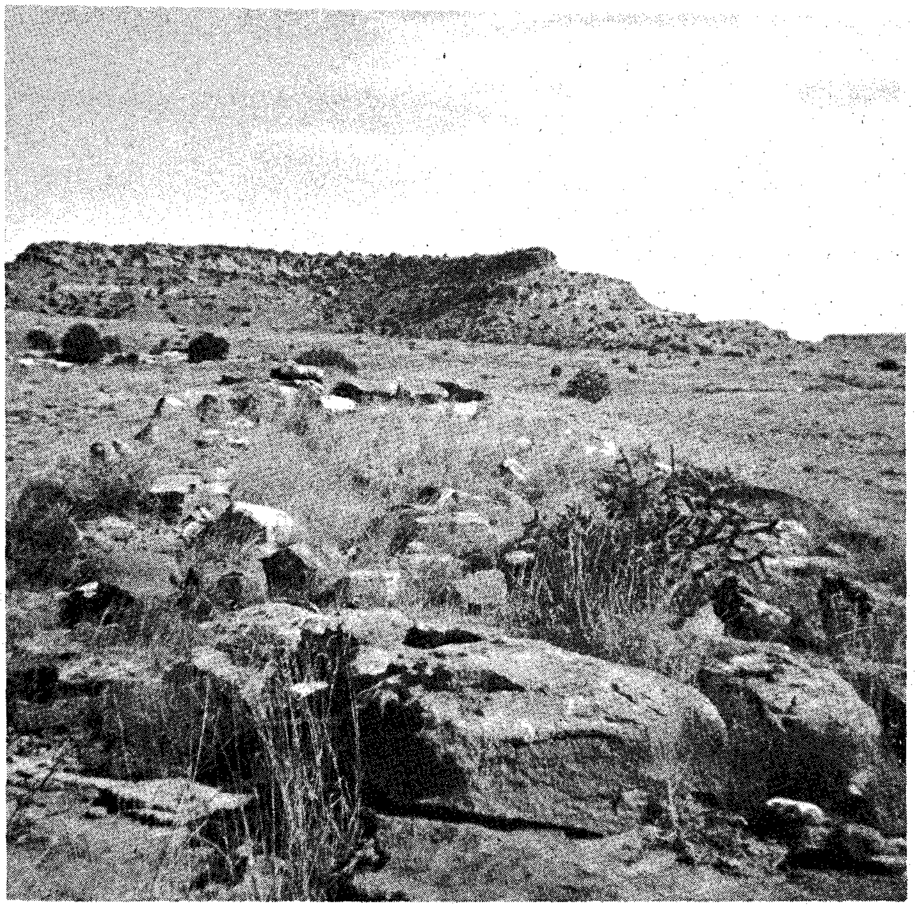
BLACK BOB

A day in the (short) life of a horsethief

BY IKE OSTEEN

Photo Courtesy Author



Black Bob's Pocket is about five miles from this view of a portion of the Box Ranch.

As the train pulled out of Folsom, New Mexico, lawman Perry Brite snapped one handcuff around the wrist of Black Bob and snapped the other cuff to the train seat. He then put the key in his vest pocket with the string hanging out like a sack of Bull Durham, and reclined in his seat pretending to be asleep. Black Bob took the hint and gently lifting the key, he unlocked the cuffs and jumped out the train window.

The little town of Folsom—or Emory Gap, Toll Gate Canyon, Branson, Mesa de Mayo, Box Ranch, the Chacuaco, the Picket Wire or Purgatoire (also called El Rio de Las Animas Perdidas en Purgatorio—The River of Lost Souls in Purgatory— also called the Las Animas River)—are all a long way from San Jose, California. Yet that's where I heard this tale.

I was in San Jose visiting my Uncle Duard Osteen in 1969, and my uncle was telling me about the year he and my dad and mother chartered an immigrant car in Wagoner, Oklahoma, loaded their worldly possessions and rode the train to the end of the line at Liberal, Kansas. There they loaded up wagons and, driving their extra livestock, headed for the land they had filed on in Baca County, Colorado. My uncle finally ran down on family talk and with a far away look asked, "Ike, is the old Box Ranch still out west of Kim?"

I said, "Yes it is, but it isn't in one chunk as you remember it." At the time he was on it, the ranch consisted of about 80,000 acres. Since then it has been divided up into four separate ranches.

Uncle Duard said, "Me and Ed Kecinski killed one of the Box calves one time." Then he started talking about Black Bob. This fellow (and my uncle told me his name but from the tape I made of our conversation I don't know just how the name is spelled so will just call him Black Bob, as that is what he was called by everybody in the area) either squatted, filed on, homesteaded, or bought a small acreage about five or six miles almost due east of the old Box Ranch headquarters. The place is still called Black Bob Pocket.

There is also a Black Jack Cave not too far from that area and some people get them all mixed up. Black Jack was one of the Ketchum brothers—and for robbing the C & S trains at the horseshoe bend at Folsom, New Mexico, Black Jack was hanged in Clayton, New Mexico in 1901. His main dish was robbing trains, but Black Bob stuck pretty well to stealing horses.

One day Black Bob came saddling into the yard of the Elfido Lopez family on as pretty a stud horse as you could ever hope to own. Since he was a neighbor (the Lopez family lived on the bank of the Purgatoire), he was welcome to stay for a meal, as he had many times before. After they'd eaten, Black Bob asked Lopez to forget that he had been there that particular day, and to show him the trail across the Purgatoire. Lopez sent one of his sons to point out the trail and thought no more about it.

About two days later, Perry Brite rode up and told Lopez he had a warrant to bring Black Bob back, as the horse he had stolen was just too much of a horse for the owner to forget about. Lopez, of course, could not withhold information from the law and he told Brite when Black Bob had been there.

About a week later Brite came back with Black Bob handcuffed to his saddle. He asked Lopez if they could stop for a rest and if they could get something to eat. No one was turned away in that day and time, and that still holds true at the hospitable ranch homes along the Purgatoire. However, Lopez told the lawman that the handcuffs would have to be taken off Black Bob, since all the Lopez children knew him and Lopez didn't want them to see him in handcuffs.

Perry Brite took the cuffs off and they all ate dinner in the house. Dinner on a ranch is the one at noontime and is generally followed by an hour or two of resting and visiting if you are "company." Since Black Bob was quite at home with the Lopez family, he started helping one of the Lopez boys do the dishes.

During that time Black Bob tried to get the youngster to go out to his (Black Bob's) saddle bag and bring a gun into the kitchen to him. This was not done, though, and soon Brite and Black Bob were riding on towards Folsom. Brite had a warrant to bring Black Bob there, and thought when he arrived that would end it.

Well, Black Bob had already been

sentenced for horse stealing, or it was done while Brite was still in Folsom; anyway, Brite was asked to take Black Bob on to the pen at Santa Fe.

Perry Brite didn't think Black Bob should be sent to the pen for stealing just one horse, even if it was quite a horse. Also the owner got his horse back. Now, if that horse had been stolen from the owner while he was riding it and the theft had left the owner afoot many miles from water or food, then it would have been a different story. Whatever Brite thought, when Black Bob took the key out of the lawman's vest pocket and unlocked the cuffs and jumped off the train, it was the last time anyone saw him in that area.

In Maurine Nelson Bradshaw's book, *Pioneer Parade*, there is a chapter about Mesa Mayo's being a hangout for badmen. It has the following mention. "One outlaw was a 'loner.' He was called 'Black Bob.' Black Bob came through the country and a few times came to the Smith home asking for a meal. Iva fed him. He was as polite to her and the children as the others had been. Later he began to rob trains on the C & S Railroad. He was eventually caught and hanged. (We believe in Las Vegas, New Mexico)."

Maybe my late Uncle Duard Osteen and Perry Brite and Black Bob and Elfido Lopez are all sitting around talking over the "old days" on the Box Ranch and along the Purgatoire. At least they are all gone from the land of the living. Just one year after I turned on my tape recorder with my uncle, he died. So if you know an old-timer who has a story you want to hear, don't put off taking time to listen. The story may not have an ending right then, but sooner or later there's a good chance that some other source will provide it.

Carry Nation

(Continued from page 11)

loon for a small down payment from Milk River Moran's widow Goldie.

The walls of Barney's saloon were covered with prints of nude women, in ornate gilt frames, which were supposed to be copies of old masters. The saloon sported a new mahogany bar with brass rail and brass cuspidors, a fancy cash register and a long mirror on the back bar. Barney catered to the free spending drummers and wool buyers from Boston, and the town sports. He most definitely discouraged the patronage of what he termed the "rougher" element that included cowpunchers, ranch hands, sheepherders and shearers, and Indians and halfbreeds.

Ringbone Sam and his cowpuncher companions who, just for the hell of it, had sauntered in earlier that morning, had been told to leave. Barney had declined to serve them—with the result that Ringbone Sam now led Carry Nation down the street to invade the Board of Trade.

Barney hastily gathered all the bottles of champagne and fancy liquors he stocked for the better trade, and had stored them in the cellar. He padlocked the trap door. Then with the aid of his Negro swamper, he had barricaded the front door with empty kegs and pine boards nailed across the entrance.

MALTA MERCANTILE COMPANY

The type of delivery wagon from which Carry Nation gave her fire and brimstone sermon stands empty in front of the Malta Mercantile Company.

The frightened Barney stood peering over the beer keg barricade and shouting, "Any of you hoodlums that dare enter my place of business is trespassing! I know who you are! I'll swear out warrants for your arrest! I'm warning every last man of you, I'll have the law on you!"

"Rally 'round, boys!" Ringbone Sam hollered. "When I give the word be prepared to charge! Better head for the back door, Barney, on account Miz Nation's a-comin' with her hatchet!"

The boisterous mob let out a wild cowboy whoop as they charged, kicking down the beer kegs and tearing loose the nailed up boards. Barney, shouting threats, went out the back door and fled down the alley.

Doc Corrigan, who escorted Carry Nation into the saloon, waved his arm in a gallant gesture and said, "Have at 'er, ma'am!"

The crowd suddenly got quiet and stood aside to watch a bottle-smashing job, the likes of which they had never seen before. Then, standing on chairs, she slashed the paintings of the nude females until they hung like ribbons in broken frames. The interior of the saloon was a complete wreck when she finished.

Then the triumphant Carry Nation strode outside on Malta's Main Street, a little winded but not yet ready to quit. A short distance away in front of the Malta Mercantile stood the one-horse delivery wagon belonging to the store. A long leather strap with a heavy weight attached was snapped to the metal ring of the gentle horse's snaffle-bit, to ground-tie the horse.

Carry Nation motioned toward the wagon and spoke to Doc Corrigan, "That empty wagon would make an excellent platform for my lecture. If you would get on the driver's seat, young man, and hold the lines to keep the horse from running away, I'd have time to make my speech before train time. And bring my satchel along."

"Yes, ma'am," Doc Corrigan nodded. "Whatever you say."

AND it was from the delivery wagon that the black-clad Carry Nation addressed the crowd. Never in the history of the cowtown of Malta had such a fire and brimstone lecture been, or ever would be, heard. Her strident voice had its own inimitable carrying tone that reached the farthermost fringe of the assembled listeners. As she pled her cause for temperance, she added to the list of things to be condemned and destroyed—fraternal organizations, tobacco, foreign foods, corsets, skirts of improper length, and nude paintings in saloons.

She spoke of her childhood days in Garrard County, Kentucky, where she was born in 1846. A lawless frontier country where there were many distilleries, both legal and moonshiners, that made vile whiskey of corn and barley. At the age of twenty-one she had married a Doctor Gloyd who was a drunkard, and suffered ten years of hell on earth until he died in 1877. Then she had married David Nation, a lawyer and clergyman, and they lived in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, a dry state but infested with bootleggers who made and sold whiskey. So she had made a solemn vow to wage a crusade in the name of God and humanity, to save the lives and immoral souls of those who had fallen under Satan's evil power of drink.

She spoke of the many times she had been spat on, shot at and stoned, and manhandled, but in spite of it all she had continued her mission. She reached into the black satchel and held up a miniature hatchet with a bow of white ribbon tied to the small handle.

"I sell these for a dollar. The money I get for them pays my traveling expenses, my food and lodging, and pays my fines when I get arrested. Who will buy a Carry Nation hatchet?"

Her appeal was not in vain. Many people came up to the wagon with silver dollars in their hands. Finally Doc Corrigan escorted Carry Nation down the street to the Castleberg Hotel for noon dinner. When she went forward into the dining room, Phil Castleberg turned to Doc Corrigan and said, "You better see that your friend is aboard the train that leaves in an hour. If she tries to wreck my Annex Saloon that I've boarded up, she'll wind up in jail with you and all your white-ribbon cowhands."

Doc Corrigan managed a sort of grin. "While she's gettin' fed, I'll round up the white-ribbon teetotalers before they fall off the wagon. I'll be needin' the help of Ringbone Sam and Frank Howe, as fine a matched team of bull artists as ever put up a job on any sucker, to help me prod that female hatchet-slinger up the loadin' chute onto the train."

"You and your cowpuncher friends had better show up before she's through eating and tries wrecking my saloon, or you'll all land in jail." The genial Phil Castleberg meant what he said.

An hour later Doc Corrigan and a goodly crowd were gathered around Carry Nation when the westbound train stopped at Malta. The cheering cowhands gave her a proper sendoff as she stood on the rear platform waving a black-gloved hand in salutation as the train got underway.

"I don't know how the rest of you feel about the situation," Doc Corrigan grinned, "but like the governor of South Carolina said to the governor of North Carolina, it's a hell of a long time between drinks!"

As the cowhands walked back to Main Street they heard someone shout, "The Board of Trade's on fire. Barney's woman, Goldie, set the place on fire because he beat her up."

The bucket brigade, composed of every able-bodied man in town, worked furiously the rest of the afternoon to keep the blaze confined. The cases of champagne and other wines and fancy liquors, including a barrel or two of aged whiskey Barney Smith kept stored in the cellar, were now a total loss. When the burning floor of the saloon collapsed, along with the timbers of the roof and walls, it made a huge bonfire, and the intense heat caused the corked bottles to explode like pistol shots, and the barrels of whiskey turned to streaks of blue flame.

At sunrise the following morning, Doc Corrigan and the reps in whose genial company he had come to the cowtown of Malta, saddled up, loaded their roundup beds on their pack horses, and parted company, headed for their various home ranches. Every cowpuncher had a farewell bottle stashed in the pocket of his chaps. All still wore the soiled white silk ribbons and packed the miniature hatchets of the famous Carry Nation.

Doc Corrigan, leading his bed horse, was headed for the 76 headquarters ranch in the Cypress Hills of Canada. As he reached for the makings to roll a Bull Durham cigarette there was a faint twisted grin on his black stubbled face. Holding the flame of a kitchen match cupped in his hands, he sucked the pungent tobacco smoke deep into his lungs.

"Another coffin nail," Doc Corrigan mused aloud as he reached for the bottle in his chaps pocket, twisted the cork out and held the bottle aloft in a farewell salute.

"So long, Carry Nation," Doc Corrigan spoke aloud in a soft-toned voice. "Wherever you may roam, good luck!" He took a long drag before he corked the bottle and shoved it back in his pocket.

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"Poker Tom"

(Continued from page 27)

devil," one member said of Siringo. "Because of him we nearly starved ourselves, our horses, and nearly froze to death."

At Anton Chico Garrett explained that the Kid had a large herd of Panhandle cattle near Fort Sumner, and that he thought the outlaw was hanging around the Fort. It was known also that other cattle bearing the brands of Canadian River ranchers were around White Oaks, a mining town in central New Mexico, and at Fort Stanton near Lincoln.

What it all boiled down to was that one group, led by Siringo and Robinson, would travel to White Oaks and learn what it could. The other, directed by Garrett, was to ride to Fort Sumner and see what it could see. Garrett shot straight. He said there would probably be a long dirty fight with the Kid, and for those who didn't have the stomach for it to say so. Fifty years later, Jim East mentioned that a few "so-called" Panhandle badmen turned tail and decided to accompany Robinson and Siringo. The men who were to go with Pat Garrett were Tom Emory, Jim East, Lon Chambers, Lee Hall, Louis Bousman, and Frank Stewart.

AS THE Garrett party started the long ride that the Texans felt would end in death for someone, it was bitterly cold. Four inches of snow covered the barren land, and a driving north wind was pushing more snow and sleet ahead of it. The riders shivered in their saddles and cursed Siringo for the warm overshoes and gloves they might have had. Late in the afternoon of early December, the Garrett party arrived at Puerto de Luna on the Pecos River, some forty miles above Fort Sumner.

There they found a *baile* in full swing. After warming their stomachs with hot food and hotter liquor, the posse went to the dance. Pat Garrett, according to some who knew him, loved to dance the slow, tantalizing waltzes with pretty Mexican girls, and so did Tom Emory. One girl there, especially appealing to Garrett, seemed to be enjoying one dance after another with Emory. Garrett reportedly stood it for awhile before he walked up to Tom Emory and said, "Kid, you'll have to stop dancing with this girl; she's mine." Pat also said something about cutting off one of Emory's ears and stuffing it in the other.

"Garrett," Emory said, looking straight into the eyes of the towering lawman, "she's just as much mine as yours and, if you want to fight, the Pecos River is not between us."

Pat Garrett sized up the little fellow with the steely blue eyes and laughed the matter off. But from that moment on, Garrett admired Emory and didn't forget him.

A few days later, acting on a tip, Garrett and his men were holed up in the old hospital building in Fort Sumner awaiting the Kid and his gang who were riding in from Los Portales Springs. The outlaws were due any minute. Pat Garrett had a sentry stationed outside to watch for their arrival while the posse played poker in an abandoned room.

As darkness was settling in, the sentry charged into the room and announced that the Kid and his men were rounding the corner of the cemetery and heading straight toward them. Tom Emory, cool as a mountain lake, said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I want to play out my hand." He showed four kings. Then he said, "You fellows can show when we get back. This won't take long." From then on he was called Poker Tom.

Probably every Western History reader knows that a few minutes later either Lon Chambers or Pat Garrett shot and killed Tom O'Folliard, a Bonney sidekick, and that a few days later, surrounding a rock shack at Stinking Springs, the Garrett posse killed another confederate of the Kid, Charley Bowdre, and forced the surrender of Billy and the rest of his men. The trapped outlaws had no other choice. The weather was sub-zero, snow covered the sage flats, and they had been without coffee and food for a day and night. Garrett promised the Kid that none of them would be harmed. But as they walked, single file, out of the cabin, Barney Mason, a Garrett deputy, took dead aim at the Kid's head. It was Tom Emory who eased his .44 against Mason's ribs, and that's all there was to that.

WITHIN a week, two of the Kid's best fighters had been gunned down. Of the other three, only Dave Rudabaugh was a hardcase; one of the most dangerous men ever to ride the reaches of the Southwest, he was wanted in Las Vegas for mail robbery and murder. Tom Pickett was a small-time thief, and Billy Wilson had passed counterfeit money. Pickett and Wilson were bush league compared to Bonney and Rudabaugh.

Realizing that time was important, Garrett, in a carry-all hack, along with Jim East, Tom Emory, and Barney Mason, carried the four prisoners in shackles to Las Vegas. The posse left Fort Sumner on Christmas Eve, 1880, and headed northwest across the barren rangeland in the face of a raging blizzard.

On this dismal ride, Tom Emory and Billy the Kid became friendly. Emory provided smoking and chewing tobacco, and they kidded back and forth. Once the Kid said to Emory, "Tom, you go back and tell McCarty that he is on a cold trail, that no one will find a LIT steer on the Pecos. Can't say that, though, about the LX's. You see, they are new and green in the cattle business and have a lot to learn."

Western History buffs also know that Pat Garrett had a foul time in Las Vegas, that Dave Rudabaugh was almost lynched, and that the train crew had trouble moving the train toward Santa Fe with the prisoners aboard. Finally, though, the train pulled out and all was well.

After Tom Emory helped Pat Garrett and his deputies deliver the Kid, Rudabaugh, and Wilson to Federal marshals in Santa Fe (Pickett had been left in Las Vegas for trial for theft), he drifted back down the Canadian River to the LIT headquarters. Tom worked there until Littlefield sold to a British concern, the Prairie Land and Cattle Company. Tom didn't like the English way of doing things, so he quit, went into Tascosa and gambled for a living.

In the early 1890s, he moved on to Las Vegas, New Mexico and gambled there. His next stop was Roswell where he followed the same vocation. But life around the tables was hard, and the gritty little fellow's health began to fail. Sometime in the late 1890s he moved to El Paso where he eked out a living any way he could.

In 1901 Pat Garrett was appointed collector of customs at El Paso. A short time after he had assumed his official duties, the Mexican owner of a gigantic cattle ranch in Chihuahua wanted to ship several trainloads of cattle to Canada. The only way it could be done at that time was to ship out of Chihuahua across country to Billings, Montana, unload there, then drive overland the rest of the way to Alberta. Garrett knew this was a delicate situation, almost an impossible one because custom regulations required that not a single head of Mexican cattle could be left on American soil.

Garrett put up a strong defense against the shipment, but the Mexican rancher demanded that it be done. It was up to Garrett to send a man he could trust to see that not a single head of that livestock remained in the United States. Garrett immediately thought of Tom Emory. He found Tom more dead than alive, but Emory agreed to take the hazardous job, and he carried out his task without a flaw.

Soon after returning from Canada, Tom Emory, from his bed, sent for Pat Garrett. When Garrett arrived, Emory said, "Pat, you're a good detective and

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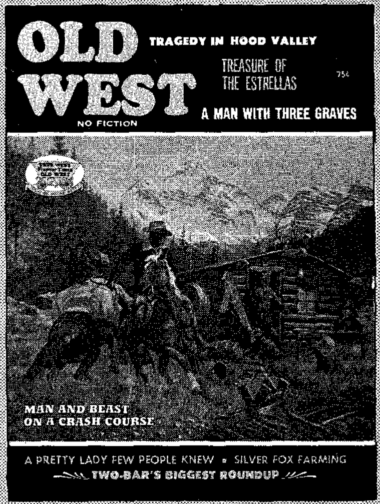
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officer, but I think I've fooled you. My name is not Tom Emory. I was in deep trouble once in central Texas, escaped, and came West."

"Tom, I knew you were on the dodge, and that Emory was not your real name. But I admire you for the way you handled yourself during that Billy the Kid business. On the way to Las Vegas that cold day you could have slipped the Kid and his men some guns and they would have wiped me out. But you were on the side of the law then and enforced it."

Emory replied quietly, "I know I'm going to die, and I want you to send for my brother to come after me so I can die at home. Maybe I can be pardoned before I go."

The brother came and took Tom Emory back to their old home. Application for a pardon was made, but before the papers reached the governor's desk, Poker Tom was dead. He had played out his hand.

Circumstantial Evidence

(*Continued from page 26*)

away but Shorty said, "I'll clean it for you."

I gave him the gun, he completed the job, and replaced it under my pillow. When the rush was over, Shorty left and my brother and I went to bed.

The eighth was another routine day. Late in the afternoon—it must have been about 4:00 o'clock—I had enough time to go back to make the bed. There was no one in the store except Shorty and me. My brother was outside, working on the addition. I probably had in the neighborhood of $2,000 on me. In cash.

Shorty was standing about two feet from me when I grabbed the covers and jerked them off the bed. The next thing I knew, I was lying across the bed. Something had happened, I didn't know what, but I did know it was something big, something loud and something bad.

Then I realized I was shot, but I didn't know where, or how badly. I could feel no pain. Then I knew it was my arm, but I don't know how I knew. There was still no pain.

I got up from the bed and examined my arm. The bullet had gone in near the elbow; had ranged downward about six inches and come out near the wrist. My arm was bleeding, but not much. I could move it with no trouble, so assumed there were no broken bones.

I have never been able to make a lot of people believe this, but I was not particularly upset by the accident. I had done something very foolish, and I had been lucky. It was all over, so why worry? That happens to be the way I am—when something is over that can't be helped, why worry about it?

Shorty was the nearest thing I have ever seen to a living dead man. His face was like ashes. His mouth was open. He was shaking all over. He did not say a word or even move. The gun was sticking in the floor where the hammer had hit, about a foot from him.

My brother came in. I gave him my billfold and told him I was going to town to see a doctor. A friend drove me about half-way before getting into a traffic jam. I told him I would walk, so he turned around and went back.

My self-diagnosis about the wound was correct; it was not serious; there were no complications. Being self-employed (and left-handed) I only missed one day's work.

My brother said Shorty did not move or speak until my brother started to pick the gun up from the floor. "No! No!" Shorty said. "Leave it there until we get some more witnesses!"

When I got back I asked Shorty if he was really as scared as he looked. He said, "Scared! Of course, I was scared! The way you fell I thought you was dead. I knew you had a lot of money. I knew you had a gun. There was nobody in the store but you and me. I could see 'em saying I killed you in an attempted robbery and probably hanging me—maybe without a trial.

"And," Shorty added, "your folks have been here a long time. Some of 'em have influence. Me, I'm just a nobody from nowhere. I never did do anything very bad but, being in the carnival business, I've probably been in more jails than you ever saw. That is just a part of carnival business—every once in awhile the cops will rack you up.

"Besides," he concluded, "whose fingerprints were on that gun?"

Nuggets

(*Continued from page 31*)

women took turns feeding and nursing Leo back to health. Frankly, although he had been living in luxury in Hollywood, the big cat had never had it so good.

The crash remained a local secret for a few days, for there was little telephone service in Payson in 1927. But when the late Bill Boardman, former postmaster, got around to it he cranked up his old Model T Ford and chugged over the ninety-two miles of dirt road to Globe, the county seat of Gila County, with the first news of the crash to be delivered to the world. Until then, MGM was bewildered as to what had happened to its celebrated trademark in the dramatic publicity flight.

Few events that year received as many big bold headlines. The reams of copy written proved to be about all the publicity-minded Hollywood movie company could handle. Leo, in the meantime, under the gentle care of the kind Payson folks, made a complete recovery and was returned to the movie capital where he later died at a ripe old age, for a lion.

Only once, several years ago, did Jensen return to the scene of the crash. He returned with a few old-time friends, among them those in Payson still living who had helped rescue Leo. They included the late Bill Haley, the late Sam Haught, the late Dave Martin, Walter Haught, Robert Bates, district Forest Ranger at the time, and Jensen's son-in-law, James Connell.

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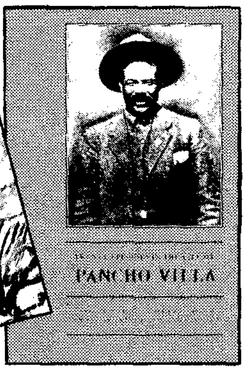

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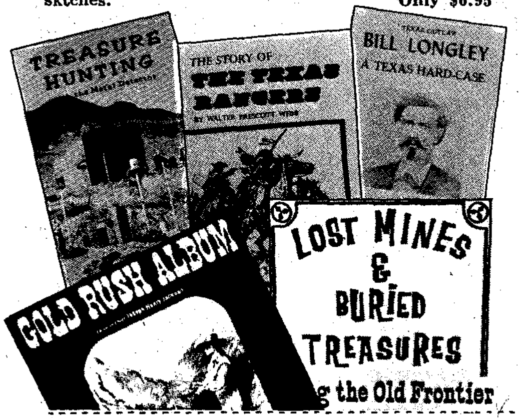

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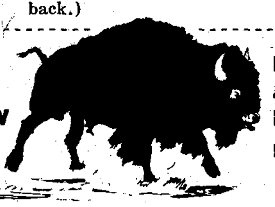

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New Year's Resolution

(Continued from page 3)

decided against further formal education. In the years that followed, he worked in the Arizona mining country, served as a foot soldier in Pancho Villa's army, and entered Army Air Corps pilot training. He had run-ins with generals, MPs, thugs, and almost anyone else who was in the vicinity.

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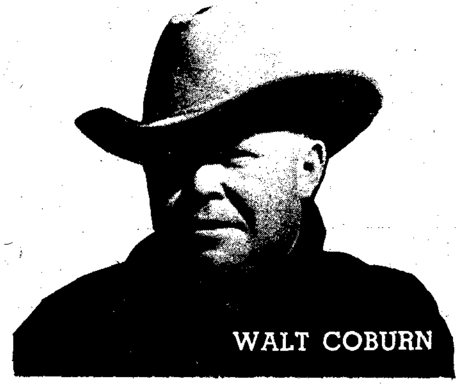
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So here's to Walt Coburn and Walter Brennan and the visit we never had. And I guess it was all my own fault. Well, *something* has to be a guy's own fault or he'd *never* make a New Year's resolution!—Hosstail

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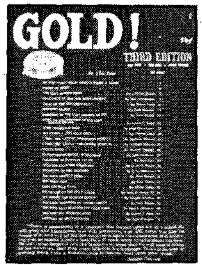
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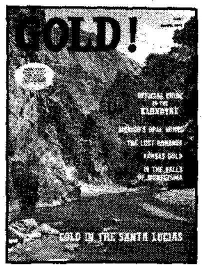
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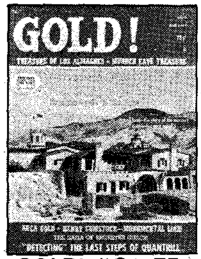
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SAN FRANCISCO'S FIREBELL LILLIE

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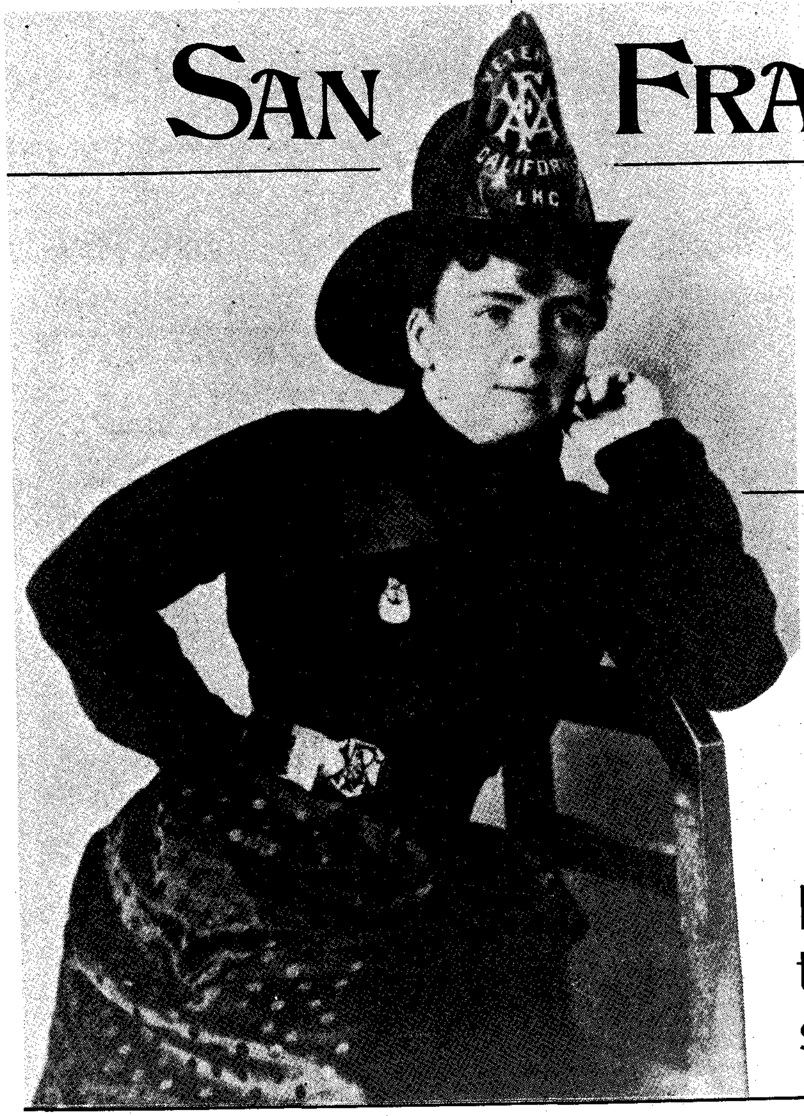
Photos Courtesy Author

Lillie Coit owed her life to firemen and she never forgot her debt



Lillie Coit.

COIT TOWER pierces the sky overlooking San Francisco Bay. Thousands of tourists have noted the interesting landmark while traveling over or under the Golden Gate Bridge, and later have ridden its elevator for a breathtaking view of the city. The structure was built in memory of a woman once beloved by all who called San Francisco home. Her memory is still revered, especially by the men of the Fire Department for they were very special to her. The woman? Lillie Hitchcock Coit.

Lillie, born at West Point in 1843, was christened Eliza Wychie Hitchcock, but her father, an Army surgeon, attached the nickname that was to last a lifetime.

In 1851, after a tour of many posts, Dr. Hitchcock was appointed Medical Director of the Pacific Coast for the Army. He established a home for his wife and daughter at the Oriental Hotel in San Francisco at the corner of Bush and Battery close by the bay. Lillie and her companions played on the sandhills where the Palace Hotel now stands.

There were few families in the city. Most men had come West to seek their fortunes with the intent of returning home to their wives and children, or sending for them. A great many did neither. Lillie's mother, Martha, a most attractive woman and noted for her wit, enjoyed being surrounded by the many men who made the hotel their home. Some were young Army men. Lillie listened to their witty repartee and as a result became a lively conversationalist and talented imitator. She was a delightful child, happy always, with a mischievous smile.

Dr. Hitchcock taught Lillie a respect for truth, bravery, independence and loyalty. Martha, once a Southern belle, nurtured in Lillie a love of the South to such a point that her speech, as well as her actions, forced Dr. Hitchcock to send his rebellious daughter to Paris when the Southern states seceded.

By 1851 San Francisco had had six major fires. Shortly after the Hitchcock's arrival a fire occurred in a theatre under construction. Lillie and two small friends were playing in the loft at the time and Lillie's companions died trying to escape down a burning staircase. Lillie was rescued by a fireman who was a member of Knickerbocker Engine Company #5. A few days later, walking home from school with her classmates, she saw fire engines racing to a fire. "Hurry, help #5!" she called. The children and spectators grabbed the ropes

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Firebell Lillie

(*Continued from page 43*)

and helped pull Engine #5 up Telegraph Hill to beat the other firemen.

FOLLOWING that triumph, Lillie started chasing fires, a common practice for all. Whenever she heard the bell she was off and away, running after the engines and shouting encouragement to the men on #5. Attempts to discourage her failed, and soon the men looked forward to seeing her smiling face. When her interest in fires and firemen continued into her teens her mother sent her to a private school in San Jose.

Lillie refused to do her schoolwork, to eat or sleep, making herself ill. One day a school chum accidentally pierced Lillie's eyeball with a pencil. Returned home, she lay listless in a dark room refusing to speak except to call her parents tyrants. The firemen called and sent flowers, but Martha refused to let them see Lillie. Then, in desperation, she sent for them. They sang their theme song, "Oh, We Won't Be Home Until Morning," under Lillie's window and presented her with a little gold fireman's helmet. For the first time in weeks, Lillie laughed. Her health started to improve and her eye to heal.

San Franciscans hero-worshipped the brave volunteer firemen who daily risked their lives. As Lillie became more closely associated with them, becoming their mascot and riding in their parades, they loved her, too, and delighted in her deviltry which became more daring as she grew older.

After Lillie's return from Paris in 1861, where she had been entertained at the Court of Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie, her father expected her to assume a ladylike deportment. Annoyed when she resumed chasing fires, he banished her to the family's country home near Calistoga. She had a marvelous time, filling the house with guests and constantly entertaining. By that time she had inherited money from her grandfather and was wealthy in her own right. When she acquired a carriage and drove fast and recklessly, her father said, "If you are going to drive all over the county you'd better learn how to handle a team." He hired an expert stagecoach driver who taught Lillie to handle six horses skillfully.

Lillie loved life, excitement, and trying new things. Ahead of her time, she drank bourbon, smoked cigars, and could play an expert game of poker. Shortly after her marriage to Howard Coit in 1868, she dyed her hair black. When her husband thought it unbecoming, she shaved her head and bought colorful wigs to match her gowns until her lovely brown hair grew again.

Despite her mad escapades, however, she never indulged in any action that might cause scandal. Unconventional in dress and in her choice of friends (for she chose them from all classes), she continued to be loved. Admired for her charm and generous nature, the people of San Francisco named her the "Rosebud Queen among the rosebud garden of girls."

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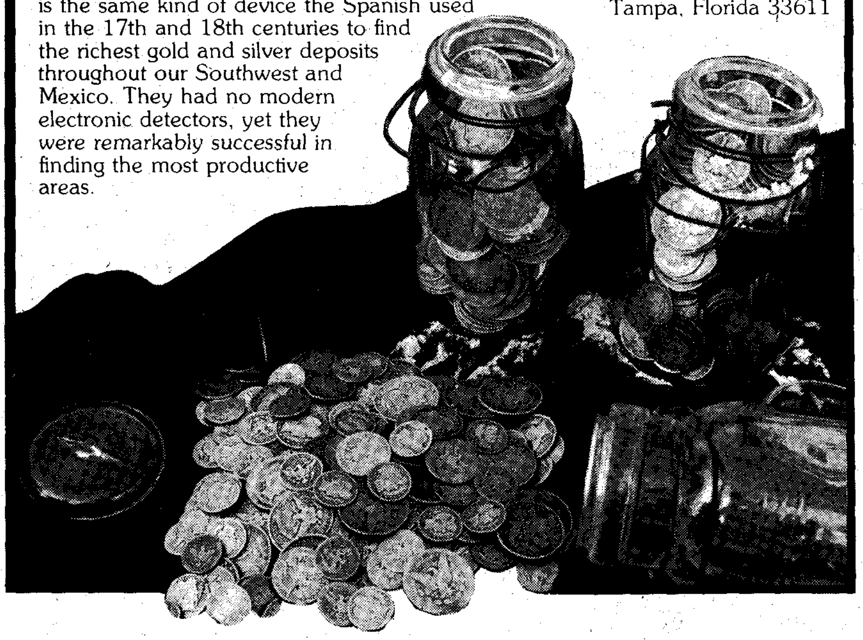


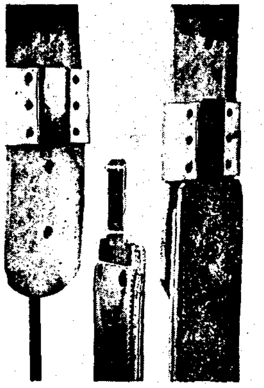
WHEN Lillie was twenty, the men of Knickerbocker #5 presented her with a certificate of membership, making her the only woman member of a fire company in the entire United States. This had meaning for her that was never to diminish. From then on she wrote her name with "5" following her signature. She had her linens and lingerie embroidered with that numeral. Even after Lillie finally acceded to her father's wishes and refrained from chasing fire engines, she put a light in her window when the fire bells rang.

Lillie's parents disapproved of her marriage to the handsome and wealthy Howard Coit, a caller on the Stock Exchange. He was not a Southerner and therefore, in her mother's eyes, not in the top level of "Society." From the beginning Martha worked to break up the marriage and at last succeeded. Though Coit and Lillie were very much in love they separated after only twelve years, with Lillie believing her mother's innuendoes that Coit was interested in other women. It was only following Coit's death in 1885 that Lillie, reading his diaries, realized the depth of his devotion and became fully aware of her mother's deception.

Following Coit's death, Lillie returned from Calistoga where she had been making her home. She resided at the Palace Hotel until she was sixty years old. She kept in close touch with her firemen. When they built a new lodge hall on Stockton Street she paid for the furnishings and carpets.

In 1904 a tragic incident occurred. A friend was murdered in her hotel suite, trying to protect Lillie's life from a relative who was mentally deranged. Fearful, Lillie decided to leave San Francisco and not return as long as the cousin remained alive. She made her home in Paris for twenty-four years, returning shortly before her death in 1929 at age eighty-six. During that period abroad, while returning from a trip to Damascus, the then elderly Lillie pulled up her horse on the edge of the Lebanon Mountains, took a bottle of champagne out of her baggage and had the guide hike up to the snow line to chill it. The party drank a toast to the San Francisco Fire Company—the date was October 17, the day of the annual birthday banquet held at the Palace.

When Lillie died, her firemen kept guard day and night over her body, then led the funeral procession to Grace Cathedral. Her will stated that one-third of her estate—$100,000—was to be used to beautify her beloved city. A monument to firemen was built in the downtown section. Coit Tower was erected on Telegraph Hill. On the day of its dedication on October 8, 1933, Knickerbocker Engine #5 was proudly displayed with Lillie's helmet and belt on top. Her cherished gold pin had been buried with her.



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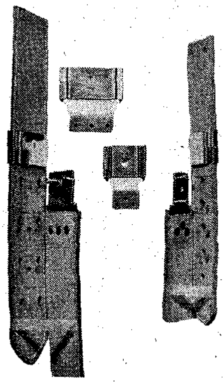

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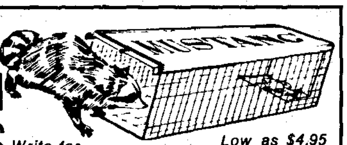

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Bloody Cottonwood

(Continued from page 21)

The sheriff moved behind a counter and pulled out two pieces of heavy rope as he talked. "So, Wilson, you admit you killed Ransel Grant?"

"Yeah, I admit it. But he had it comin'. I warned him, and he didn't pay no attention."

The sheriff walked to a wooden chair, motioned for Wilson to sit down and began tying first his hands together behind his back, then his feet crossed in front of him on the floor. The sheriff asked if he had a lawyer.

"Yeah, Leander Gerrard's my lawyer," Wilson said.

"Did you know Mr. Gerrard's out of town right now?" Keeping his eye on Wilson, Browner ambled toward the back of the store and locked that door.

Wilson replied that he guessed he would just have to wait till he got back then.

Sheriff Browner returned to the main part of the store, glanced out the front window, and got his first sight of twenty-odd angry men carrying an assortment of rifles, handguns, and clubs marching toward the grocery store. "Wilson," the Sheriff said, "there won't be much time to wait."

GEORGE GRANT, fired with fury and determined to avenge the senseless murder of his brother, led the hostile crowd. He had discarded all his gentlemanly manners and was the first and loudest speaker when they arrived at the store.

The sheriff grabbed his mackinaw from a clothes hook and put it on as he opened the front door. Quickly, he locked the door behind him, slipped the key in an inner pocket, and pulled the collar high around his throat. An icy wind brushed over his long hair.

With a mixture of jeers and hoots, the crowd backed up George Grant, who was demanding the prisoner. Somebody toward the back of the crowd heaved a rock through one pane of the four-sectioned window on the front of the store. The glass shattered, but the rock missed Wilson inside. Immediately, several men crowded around the broken window to curse the dirty scoundrel who had killed an innocent townsman. Wilson could clearly see them from where he sat on the wooden chair. He couldn't gesture with his arms, but he made silly faces and talked back to them. During a brief time when the crowd was all quiet at the same time, Wilson could be heard yelling that he was going free—that he would buy himself off with the $1,700 that he had in his pocket. He nodded his head toward his chest, indicating the money was in his shirt or inner jacket pocket.

Outside, the sheriff held up his hand for quiet. When he had a semblance of peace, he assured the men that Wilson would stand trial; that whether he had $1,700 or not, he would have to go to court.

George Grant pulled a long, narrow piece of paper from the hip pocket of his black pants. Soberly and with quiet fury he told Browner that it was a death notice. He would get so many signatures on it that no trial would be necessary. The mob roared in agreement with George's statement.

Sheriff Browner held up his hand again for quiet. He pointed out that they lived in an officially organized town now. There were laws to handle murderers. He even promised that a preliminary hearing would be held the next morning, and pled that they just hold tight till then. But his audience had turned to follow George down the street. Some yelled back threats; others grumbled among themselves. The sheriff didn't know if they'd heard his promise for a preliminary hearing or not.

Browner took out his key, and unlocked the heavy door. As soon as he was inside, he locked the door again, slipped the key into his pants pocket, then bolted the door for extra protection. With cardboard and slats from some old crates, he boarded up the broken window.

The prisoner wriggled on his chair but didn't talk to the sheriff or even watch him as he swept up the broken glass. Wilson evidently had decided to await his trial calmly.

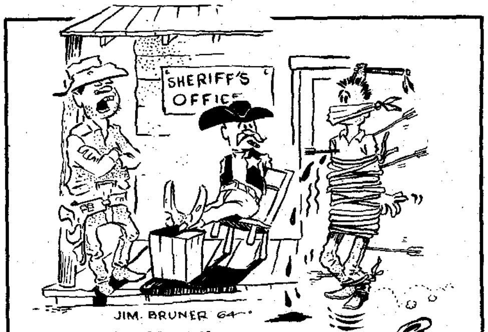
A rapping on the front door attracted the sheriff's attention. "Who's there?" he called, afraid it would be George Grant.

When he learned it was Justice of the Peace Henry Hudson, the sheriff rose from his stool behind the counter and let Hudson in. Hudson told Browner he'd heard about the murder and the forming of the mob. In a terse, sixty-second conversation, Hudson agreed to hold the hearing at the courtroom in the Town Hall the first thing in the morning. As the sheriff let him out the door, Hudson said to his friend, "Good luck till then."

BROWNER locked and bolted the door again. He knew he'd need luck if he kept his prisoner safe until daylight. There was no jail in Columbus; he'd have to keep Wilson there in the store, and the building was very vulnerable. As it was nearly dark, he lit the coal oil lantern he kept near the back of the store.

Through the long night, Browner alternated between watching Wilson and keeping an eye on the street. About ten feet across the width of the store, the sheriff sat in a chair like his prisoner's, a cocked shotgun across his lap. He'd reinforced the back door with some heavy crates and was certain the mob wouldn't be able to break through there, even if they tried—and he felt sure though that they would try something.

As the hours crept by, Browner got



"By gosh, Sheriff, I think he's trying to tell us something."

more uneasy. It was just too quiet. He listened intently for the sound of voices, some warning of the mob's approach so that he could be prepared when they did arrive. All he heard was a mouse occasionally scratching at a barrel, and Wilson's intermittent snoring.

After what seemed an endless time, the first light of pre-dawn began peeking through the front window glass. A rap on the door alerted the sheriff from his watching place. When he stood, the numbness in his stiff muscles pained him. Rubbing his thighs, he called out, "Who's there?" His deputy sheriff answered that he had come to help escort the prisoner to the Town Hall for trial.

Both the sheriff and the deputy grabbed one arm of the hand-tied prisoner after they removed the ropes from his legs. There had been no set time for the trial beyond "the first thing in the morning," but it didn't matter because a crowd had already gathered outside the courtroom. Justice of the Peace Henry Hudson also had arrived.

George Grant yelled out as the prisoner and the lawmen marched by. "We have plenty of names on this list, Sheriff. You won't need to bother with a preliminary."

"Remember, we're law-abiding citizens now, George. Just hold yourself," the sheriff replied.

Because Gerrard, Wilson's lawyer, was still out of town, a newly-arrived attorney from Illinois had been hired to represent the defendant. The young lawyer told Justice of the Peace Hudson that his client readily admitted killing Ransel Grant, but argued that it was a justified killing.

Hudson listened cautiously. Because of the crowd's restlessness, he spoke out in a loud, clear voice. "In the name of justice, I recommend that Bob Wilson be tried in District Court for Ransel Grant's murder."

With that, the informal preliminary hearing was finished. "Just a stall," some of them called out. "Murderer!"

Sheriff Browner and his deputy turned, ready to leave the courtroom. Wilson stood between them. Savage frowns and set jaws framed every townsman's face, but none made a move. So this is their plan, the sheriff thought, to block the courtroom door. Sheriff Browner tactfully asked if they would move since it was his duty to return the prisoner and hold him until District Court could be held. No one moved.

Then three of the huskiest leaders grabbed Wilson. Hudson, the sheriff and the deputy all lost their footing when the mob shoved them away from the prisoner. A new coiled rope, with the free end tied in a noose, was thrown around Wilson's neck. Wilson winced but was able to stay on his feet until they pulled him out-of-doors. He fell on the steps, but the mob wasn't concerned; they began dragging him down the rutted street.

Sheriff Browner regained his composure and yelled from the steps of the Town Hall. His effort, however, was wasted because the impassioned executioners, yards ahead, heard nothing but their own threats.

Straight south the men dragged Wilson. They crossed the intersection one

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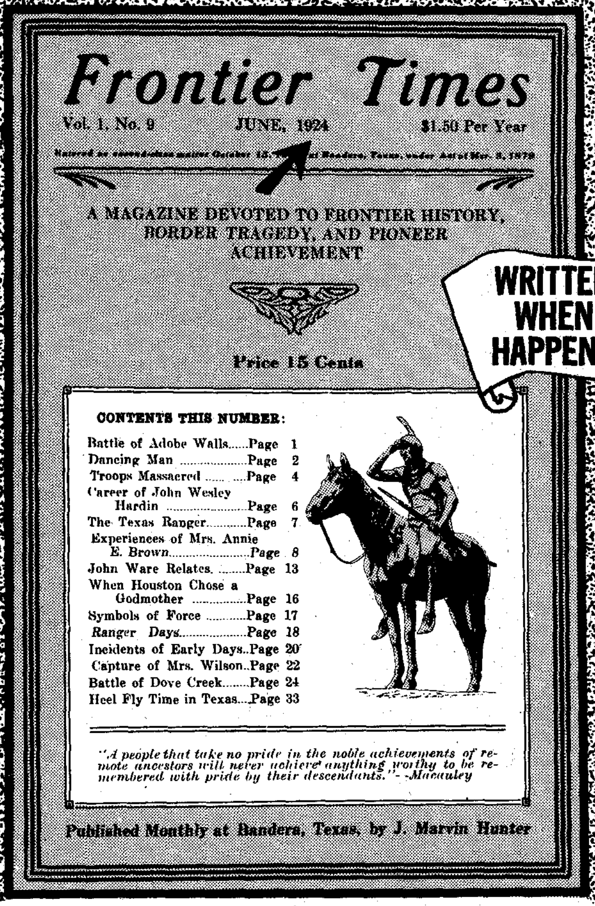
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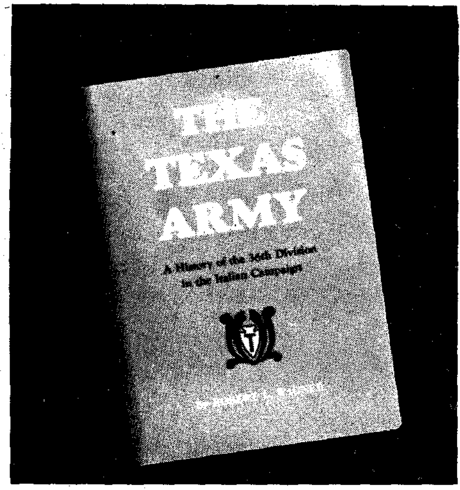

THE TEXAS ARMY

A History of the 36th Division in the Italian Campaign

By ROBERT L. WAGNER

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These are immortal names in American military history—due in great part to the men who became known as "T-Patchers." In the invasion of Italy in 1943 the 36th Infantry Division—The Texas Army—was fated to play a crucial role. The disastrous Rapido River crossing of January 1944, which very nearly shattered the Division and which ultimately resulted in a Congressional investigation, was the low point of the campaign. Yet, under the able direction of the man who had led them so long, Maj. Gen. Fred L. Walker, The Texas Army executed the breakthrough at Velletri in June, delivering Rome into Allied hands. As Eric Sevareid summed up: "Many outfits deserved the credit for the whole operation, but those of us who were present will always remember the men of the 36th climbing silently in the night behind the enemy, armed with little but their American competence and a personal faith in their quiet, retiring general who had never let them down. If Generals Alexander and Clark received the key to the city of Rome, it was General Walker who turned the key and handed it to them."

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block away, then went a second block south toward Loup River. In the middle of the third block, the leaders stopped beside a huge cottonwood tree. Wilson's clothes hung like shreds half-pasted to his body. Blood oozed from his arms, back, and legs.

A first unsuccessful attempt was made to throw the loose end of the rope over a big branch about fifteen feet from the ground. The second try was also a failure, but on the third thrust, the rope went over the limb with the long loose end falling down so the men could reach it. Four of the strongest of the mob pooled their weight on the loose end of the rope until Wilson's neck was only a foot from the limb.

The sheriff, deputy, and justice of the peace stood a half-block away on the corner. What could they do? They were powerless to stop so many men, deranged with the idea of performing justice all by themselves.

It wasn't long until Wilson's head drooped in death. The men let him down, and George Grant felt for his pulse. Finding none, he gave the signal and the men dragged Wilson a few feet, then tied the loose end of the rope to an ox wagon. Several climbed on the wagon, then started for the river with Wilson's dead body bouncing along behind it.

Three men with axes jumped on fast horses and raced ahead to the river. Plodding several feet out onto the frozen channel, they began chopping the ice. By the time the others arrived, the hole they made was just large enough to receive Wilson's body. With very little trouble the huskiest of the crowd stuffed Wilson's corpse, feet first, through the hole and into the icy water. In a matter of moments it was all over.

Some of the men dispersed to attend to their regular duties, while others gathered at Bucher's Saloon. After several rounds of beer, one said, "Hey, what about the money?"

"What money?"

"The money Wilson said he had in his pocket to buy himself off with."

A low moan trickled throughout the saloon. Then absolute quiet reigned. Maybe they had shoved $1,700 down the Loup River in Wilson's pocket! By now, his body should be joining the Platte River, and later on be down near Omaha joining the Missouri.

Or had Wilson lied about the money? No one ever knew for certain, but a legend grew up around the tree where Wilson was hanged. Known as the "Bloody Cottonwood," it was a place people avoided as they would a haunted house. Members of the mob who executed Wilson went unapprehended, but the laws were strengthened immediately and arrangements were made for a decent jail—so that the first lynching in Platte County, Nebraska was also the last.

The Sleepy-Headed Lady

(Continued from page 13)

1700s. What he discovered was the base of an equilateral, triangular stone building that is quite similar to the Martell towers erected by the Spaniards at the Santa Rita copper mine.

We took pictures of the foundation and measured it. Leonard has done some excavating to try to reconstruct the tower and obtain artifacts. Stories told by the older Indians in the area support his findings. They tell of their forefathers' running off the Spaniards and sealing off mines and storage caves all the way from Nogal to deep into Mexico. Some claim that the Spaniards had maps that showed every mine, storage cave, and waterhole from Santa Fe to Mexico City. If such maps exist, they could well verify the Helen Rae history as well as make the possessor of such a map extremely wealthy.

The next part of the Helen Rae's past that intrigued Leonard took place during the Depression. The placer dirt there provided a living for many people. A regular tent city sprang up all along Dry Gulch. The gulch still bears the pockmarked scars of the Depression miners. No one got rich and life wasn't very fancy, but everyone made enough to eat—and during those days that wasn't a bad living! The soil around the hillside tent town was very fertile and gardens flourished. The surrounding forest provided wild fruit, turkey, bear and deer. The two or three dollars a day a man panned from his little piece of the gulch could buy what few staples his family needed.

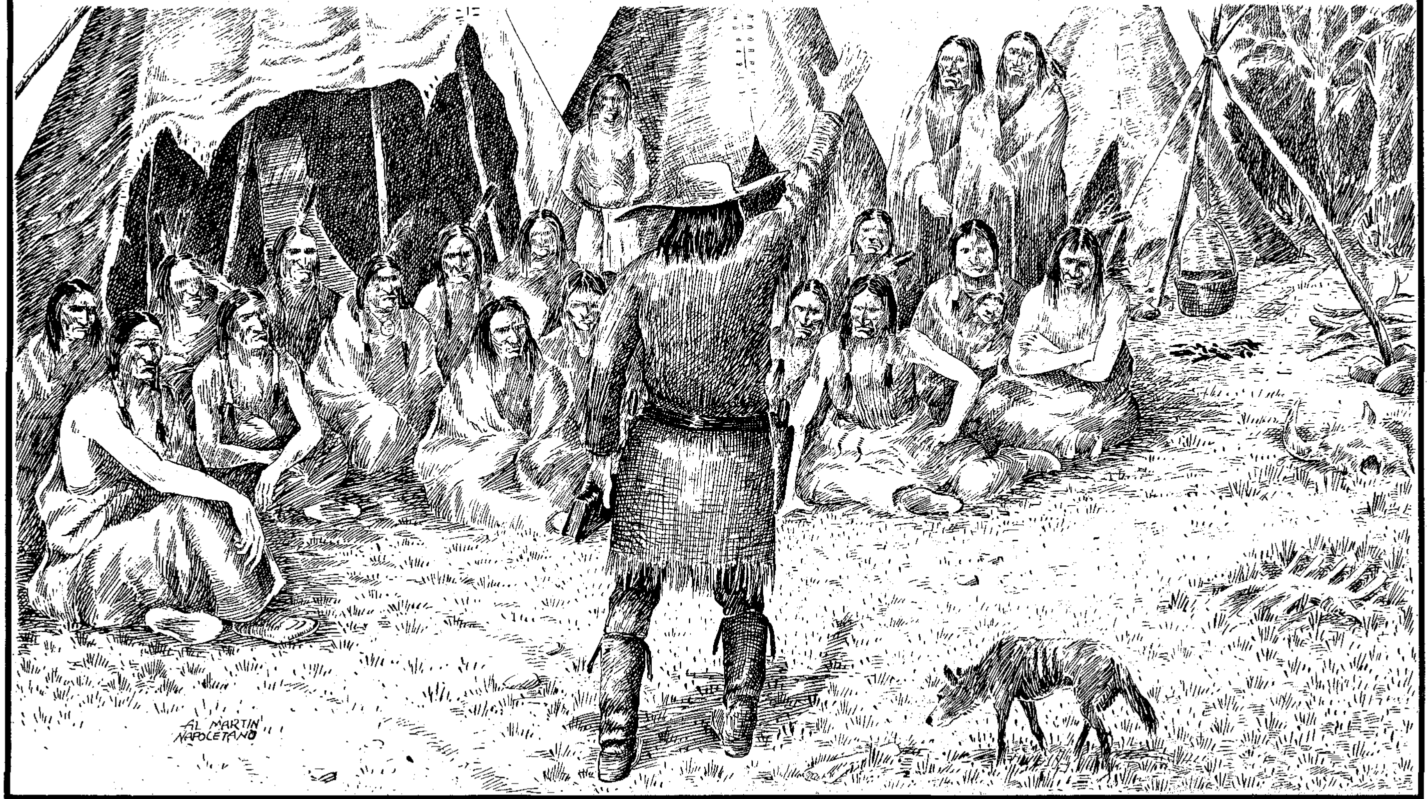
THEN the nation's economy pulled out of the slump, and most everyone wandered away to steady jobs and frame houses. The grass took over the garden plots and the tent spaces. Very few remainders of the Depression town can be found; only the pockmarks of the gulch are around to tell the story.

Leonard and his family have restored part of the equipment at the mill site and have mined in a leisurely way for many years. The Helen Rae has become a "summer friend" to visit. Yet all agree—and can prove—that an appreciable amount of ore remains untapped there. The family seems immune to gold fever. They take what they need and spend the rest of their time exploring the fifty lode claims that have long since been patented. Leonard would like to see the Helen Rae developed, but he isn't inclined to enter the realm of commercial mining with its many headaches. The mine's records both excite and make wary any prospective developers.

We can assume the Spaniards obtained a fair amount of gold from the location or the tower wouldn't have been erected. Then we see the failure of the next two groups of owners to recognize the fortune of gold they had uncovered. Next comes John Rae who recognized and recovered the exposed gold, but didn't have the faith in the mine to sink her shafts deep enough. For the next owners the mine was a good investment for them until greed entered the picture—after which the Helen Rae took a nap until the Depression. She supported the unemployed until the world offered them a better living. She has been cat-napping ever since.

Someday someone will come along with the needed incentive, and the Sleepy-Headed Lady will make the prediction of the 1901 *Mine Recorder* come true—"the biggest mine in the Southwest"!

THE SUM OF MY DAYS



When a man is asked to condense his lifetime into a letter, it's interesting to see what he considers significant . . .

BY KERRY ROSS BOREN

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

Author's note: Joseph Stewart Allen, my second great-grandfather, was recognized as a pioneer settler, trailbrazer, and Indian fighter while he was yet living. A contemporary description of him states that he was of normal height and weight, muscular, sporting two matched revolvers which he always packed, as well as a long butcher's knife in the belt of his buckskin jacket. He preferred buckskin to normal cloth because it warded off the blows of bullets, arrows and knives with which he was confronted almost weekly, as noted in his account below. The following letter was written by Joseph Stewart Allen to George Albert Smith, later President and Prophet of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon) at the request of those who wanted to publish his life story. The following letter is complete and in his own words.

St. Joseph on the Muddy [Nevada]
Sept. 16, 1867
Bro. Geo. A. Smith:

I was born in Oneida County, State of New York, June 25, 1806. My father was Daniel Allen. My mother before she was married was Nancy Stuart [Stewart]. My father moved to Ohio, Geauga Co., Town of Thompson. There I received the gospel in Feb. 1831. A few days after I received it, I was baptized, and was soon after ordained a Teacher. I remained in the State of Ohio till the spring of '34 when, on the 6th of May, I started from Kirtland to go to the Missouri in the company known as Zion's Camp, organized and led by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Arrived at Fishing River, Clay County, and was married Sept 2, 1835. [He was married by the Prophet Joseph Smith to Lucy Diantha Morley, daughter of "Father" Isaac Morley.] Moved to Far West, Caldwell County, in the spring of '38. In the summer of the same year, I was ordained a Seventy under the hand of Joseph Smith Jr. and joined the First Quorum of Seventies.

In Feb. following, being driven from Missouri, I moved to Illinois, crossing the river at Quincy. I went up about thirty miles and settled in the town of Lima Hancock County.

In the June following, I went on a preaching tour to the Indians, and was absent four months. After I returned home I was ordained a member of the High Council of the Town of Lima.

In consequence of mob threatening, I in company with Father Morley went to Nauvoo [Illinois] to see Joseph. While returning home we were waylaid and assaulted by three armed men. We had a horse and buggy. One of them seized the horse's bit. I took out one of my pistols and ordered them to desist, informing them of the consequences if they did not; whereupon they left us and we proceeded home without further molestation.

According to Bro. Joseph's counsel, I moved to Nauvoo, it being a time of trouble and danger in consequence of our enemies. I took a part in defending the lives and property of the Saints by acting picket guard; also day and night guard. [Allen was also a bodyguard to the Prophet Joseph Smith together with the controversial Orrin Porter Rockwell.]

In '48 I started with my family for the west. I stopped at Pisgah [Mount Pisgah, Iowa] and put in a crop; I lifted up and went to Council Bluffs. According to Bro. Brigham's advice, I passed the winter herding church stock in company with ten others, up the Missiouri River. In the spring I moved to Summer Quarters and raised a crop. I acted as councilor to Bishop Houston at this place. While I stayed on the Missouri River I buried four children.

In '48 I emigrated to the mountains in President Young's [second] Co. Wintered in Salt Lake Valley. In '49 I was called, in company with Father Morley and others to settle Sanpete [Manti, in Sanpete Valley, Utah]. I lived in Manti and was appointed a member of the High Council at that place. Remained there until '54, then Father Morley was called to Salt Lake, and by his request I moved to Little Cottonwood. I put in a crop there that was destroyed by the crickets.

I went to Santaquin, Utah County, and remained there three years. I was councilor to Bishop Holman. I moved back to Sanpete, and stayed there until the call was made to settle the Colorado Country. I volunteered to go and got as far as the Sevier [River], when I was detained on account of high water, and stopped at Glenwood [Utah].

Some time in July I heard of Father Morley's death [June 24, 1865] and started to go to his funeral. When I had gone about ten miles the horses stopped without any cause apparently, and in no way could I get them to go further. I turned back and the team traveled home freely. In a day or two after this Bro. Roberts, who lived at South Bend and was returning home from Manti, was killed near the place where the horses stopped.

Soon after this Bro. Staley and I were fired upon by a number of hostile Indians who came within gun shot of the settlement. I escaped without harm but Bro. Staley was shot. Two horses belonging to him were shot down as they were standing near his door. This was merely a blind to get attention from another party that was driving off a band of horses in another direction.

While I was staying at Glenwood most of my stock was stolen by Indians. In the fall I was taken sick, and I concluded to go back to Sanpete and try to repair the loss I had sustained in my team. I went to Moroni. My health was very poor all winter. When spring came my circumstances were such that I thought it best to remain at Moroni through the season.

The following incident occurred at this place in March, 1866 [during Utah's Black Hawk Indian War]. Five hostile Indians, three men, one squaw, and a boy, having been captured were brought here and put under guard. When my son's turn came to guard, I took his place, and went on at 8 o'clock in the evening with another man by the name of Bilkey. The Indians had now been here a week or ten days, and the squaw had been permitted to go around unguarded. She succeeded in putting in the hands of the Indians a knife and large wire sharpened with a file which she had procured. They also had two clubs, stout rack stakes concealed under their blankets.

Just before the assault, I discovered one of the clubs and threw it out the door. About 9 o'clock, one of the Indians wanted to go out under false pretenses. I went with him. I began to suspect their intentions and cautioned the other guard to be on the alert. He drew his club from under his blankets before I had time to prepare my pistol to shoot and struck at me. Raising my arm to ward off the blow, he knocked the pistol out of my hand, off twelve or thirteen [paces] from me. The second blow struck my mouth, knocking out my front teeth. At the same moment that this Indian commenced on me the squaw picked up a stick of wood as if to throw on the fire, and struck Bilkey with it. He ran off calling for help. I succeeded in getting the club from my assailant, when he began using the knife on me. Another Indian came out and stooped down to pick up the stick I had thrown out. I seized him by the hair and while holding him down, the third Indian came out and struck me with a stick of wood. I had worked around until I had got in reach of my pistol. Holding one and keeping off the other two, as well as I could, who were using the club and knife, I fired at him, the shot breaking his ankle. The other two I killed on the spot. I fired but four shots. My clothes [were] cut through in many places on my breast. My waist and thumb were cut, and my face severely gashed. After it had thus terminated, the alarm given by the other guard brought several of the citizens to the guard house, about thirty yards from the school house, where a dance was going on at that time. It had been snowing all the while. Some of the boys chased the crippled Indian. He was overtaken and shared the same fate as the other two.

The next Oct. I started to the Muddy and arrived here in Dec. with all of my family.

These are a few of the many circumstances that I have passed through in my life time. Should you think fit to publish any part of them in news [*Deseret News*, the Mormon newspaper] you are at liberty to do so.

I remain as ever, your brother in the Gospel Covenant,

Joseph Stewart Allen

St. Joseph on the Muddy
Sept. 16, 1867.

THUS ends the letter of Joseph S. Allen. At the time the letter was written, Allen was living on the Muddy

(Continued on page 58)

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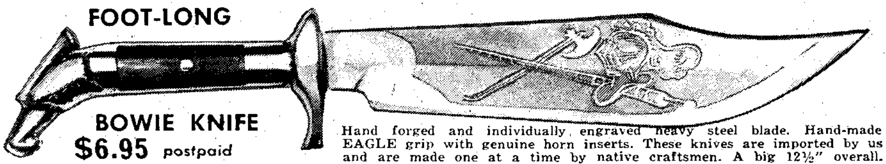

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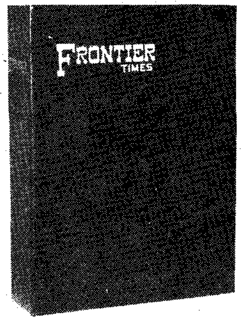

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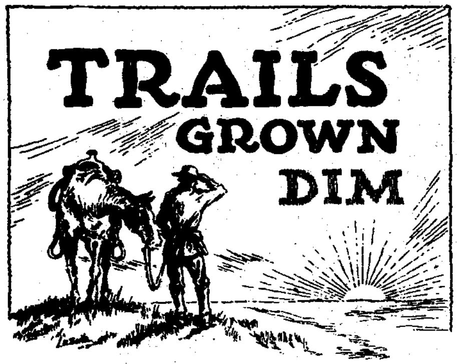

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Houlihan

I would like information on my uncle, Timothy Houlihan, born in La Salle, Illinois. He lived, died and was buried at Denison, Texas—I understand shortly after 1900.—J. J. Houlihan, 1205 West Cape Rock, Cape Girardeau, Missouri 63701

Alvord

I first knew Don Alvord in 1935 and 1936 when he worked for the Corps of Engineers on the Missouri River at Boonville, Missouri. Later, after he married, he and his wife Eleanor lived on Santa Barbara Avenue in Los Angeles, California.

My wife and I moved to Los Angeles in 1937 and lived at 3387 Eagle Rock Boulevard. During the years 1937 through 1939, the four of us were very dear friends and spent many happy hours camping on the beaches and in the mountains.

In 1950 I tried to locate the name Alvord in the Lawrence, Kansas telephone directory and although I was sure that Lawrence was Don's home town, the name Alvord was not listed.

If anyone has information concerning this couple, I would appreciate a letter.—Lloyd S. Birge, 5447 South Louthan Way, Littleton, Colorado 80120

Chief Doublehead

I would like information on Doublehead, who was chief of the Cherokees prior to the Trail of Tears, 1838. His daughter's name was Peggy.—E. L. Nelson, 3621 Harold Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas 78415

Bradshaw

In the 1840s four brothers, John, Issac, William and Albert Nicholas Bradshaw, left Tennessee for the gold fields of California. John died in Fort Laramie; the other three continued and started mining. Albert came down with miners' fever and went for treatment. He never recovered. Issac supposedly married and William was a First Lieutenant under Fremont. He is credited with opening up the route from San Bernardino through Imperial Valley to the Colorado River. Here he operated the first ferry across the river and was joined by Issac about 1863. William also mined near La Paz. He committed suicide and is evidently buried in the old cemetery at Ehrenberg, Arizona. Issac is buried at Castle Hot Springs, Arizona where he was mining. Would greatly appreciate any information on my great-grandfather, Albert Nicholas Bradshaw, his burial place and any descendants of the other two.—Frank Moore, 1500-3rd Avenue, #9, Chula Vista, California 92011

Armour

I would like to hear from anyone who might have known Harvie Venton Armour, my father. He would be around eighty-two or eighty-three years old, if still living, but he died in 1931 or '32. He married Audie Ethyl Roberts in 1916 in Brownwood, Texas. He had brothers and sisters but I don't know how many. All are gone now except Ila or Ilie. I would like to hear from her or anyone who knew my father.—Mrs. Cassie Armour Tucker, 1616 South Betty, Monahans, Texas 79756

Page-Smith-Hollbrooks-Chester

I would appreciate all the information on the ancestors of Martha and Pledge Page, also known as Plese Page, from around Humphreys County, Tennessee. The other name is Chester. Lee and Dora Chester are my great-grandparents from Wing, Yell County, Arkansas. Lee's dad's name is George. I need help from there on back.

Are Laud Smith and Charlie Hollbrooks still around? I will answer all letters.—Mrs. Jack Tucker, General Delivery, Farmington, New Mexico 87401

Treat-Hamilton-Crotts-Tilley

I am interested in corresponding with anyone about Steven Treat, born 1810 in Pennsylvania and married to Elizabeth (Betty) Morris from Memphis, Tennessee. He was a Civil War veteran who settled in Stone City, Locust Grove Township, Arkansas. Their children were Orden J., George R., Malilda, Philipin B., and Green Hill, who married Martha Satterfield.

Also about Jim and Mary (Moore) Hamilton whose son Robert Pinkney married Ila Tennessee Chappell, daughter of Rufus and Margaret Virginia Ashcroft or (Ashcraft). Their father was Johnson Ashcraft.

Also Lee Elijah Crotts, born in North Carolina, and his wife Annabelle Pearl (Clark), born in Clarksburg, Missouri.

Also Martha C. Tilley, daughter of John and Nancy (Bratton) Tilley, who married N. S. Freeman. All were Arkansas pioneers in 1800s.—Duane D. Gorder, 2741 D Street, Antioch, California 94509

Williams

I am looking for a "Williams" who lived somewhere in Texas during World War II. I don't know his given name. He was a very good friend of Frank R. Williams (6,932,530 Medical Department of Army)—no relation. He died in Cabantuan Prison Camp. He was also a friend of John J. Kennack of Shenandoah, Iowa (6,932,533). There were five friends in all. I don't know the others' names but would like to hear from them if they recognize these names.—Pearl R. Garrett, Steele City, Nebraska 68440 Telephone 442-2161

Martin

We are trying to find out something about my great-grandfather. We do not know his given name. His daughter Henrietta (my grandmother) was born in Texas. His children lived around Farmington, Arkansas about 1860 to 1875. Some of the children were: Green B. Martin, Henrietta, T., and Ellen. His wife's name was Fanny. Could anyone please help help us to find out his name, (?) Martin.—Gladys Whitman, Route 1, Firth, Idaho 83286

McDavid

I would like to obtain information about William McDavid, a lawyer who had an office in the National Archives Building in Washington, D. C. about 1943. He was the son of Nancy McDavid, nee McDavid, who married a cousin McDavid, first name unknown. Nancy was the sister of my husband's grandmother. She has two living nieces in Oklahoma and they are very anxious to locate any of her descendants.

I have an old letter written to my husband's father, Jasper Sheppard, who lived in Henryetta, Oklahoma at the time. Some of the names mentioned in the letter were Ralph, in the Quartermaster Corps in Washington, D. C.; Robert, with the telephone company and during World War II at Camp Bowie, Texas; and Ruth, the daughter of Elza.

I have an old picture of William McDavid taken when he was about ten years old that I would be glad to send him if he is still living, or to his descendants if they would like to have it. I also have an almost complete history of the James Sheppard and Samantha Judith Sheppard (nee McDavid) family from before the Civil War to the present, and photos of Samantha from 1895 with her family and descendants. According to the 1880 Census of June, for the County of Elliott, Kentucky, her father was James, her mother Anna McDavid (nee Andrews), and the family was listed as Elizabeth, Samantha Judith, Nancy, Rosetta, and Matilda, with an older sister Mary listed in the 1850 Census of Lawrence County, Kentucky. Nancy was born in Kentucky in 1864 and her father was born in 1815 in Virginia. Traditionally the family was quite wealthy and had a number of slaves. Any information would be appreciated.—Mrs. C. M. Sheppard, 503 Independence, Muskogee, Oklahoma 74401

Gorham-Bell

I would appreciate information regarding Daniel A. Gorham, born about November 1819 in New York State. Where? Who were his parents? He was a Forty-niner, who lived in and owned property in the now deserted town of Jesus Maria, Calaveras County, Califor-

(Continued on page 60)

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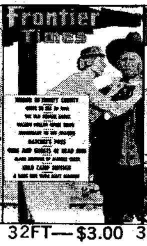
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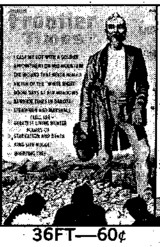
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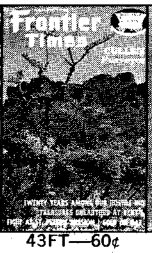
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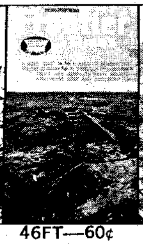
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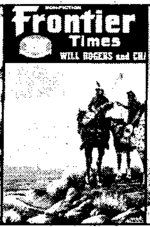
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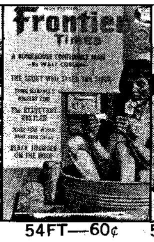
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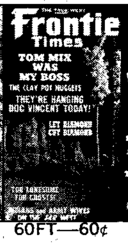
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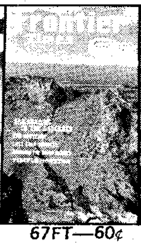
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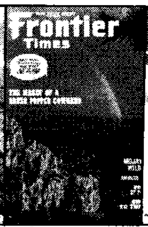
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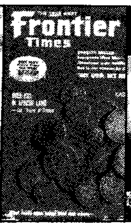
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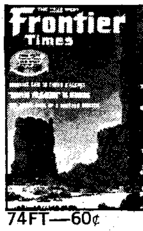
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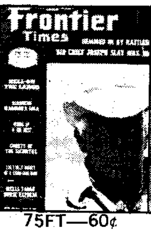
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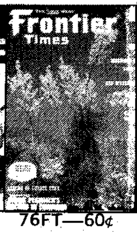
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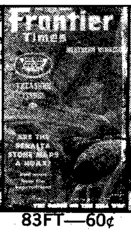
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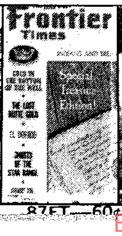
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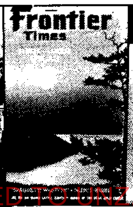
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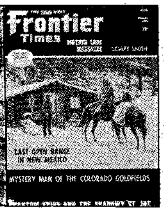
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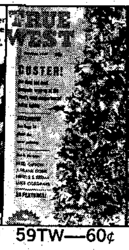
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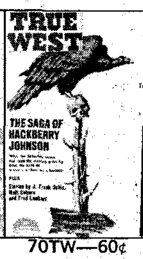
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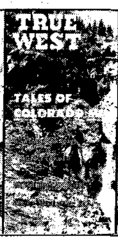
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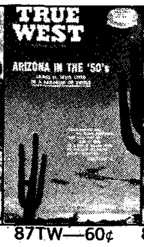
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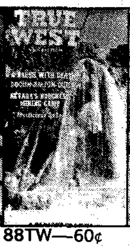
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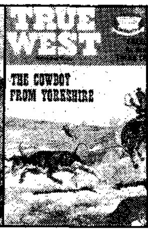
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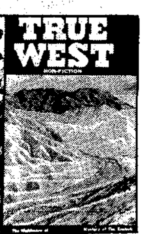
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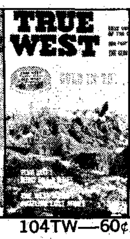
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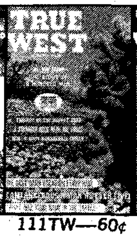
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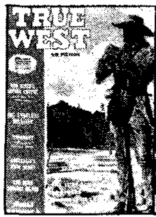
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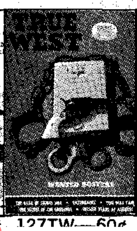
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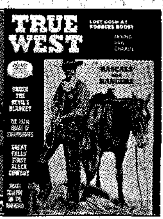
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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

area, forty feet by eighty feet, was completely cleaned and plotted by the Cabrillo College class of Ed Lydon in April of 1974. The class course was titled "The Asian in U. S. History." His class went through all the death records in Santa Cruz County from the 1850s through the 1950s. They also went through microfilm of all available newspapers published from 1856 through 1950 in order to obtain the obituaries which may have mentioned burial in Evergreen. Some of the class even traveled to San Francisco to go through the immigration files. After their cleanup, three headstones, one wooden marker, the wooden remnants of the meditation platform (may have been a pagoda at one time, versions differ), and the brick oven with its broken chimney, were all uncovered. The oven was used for the ritualistic cooking of food for the journey into the next world. These same students then conducted tours, told of the burial ceremonies and stories of early Chinese in Santa Cruz.

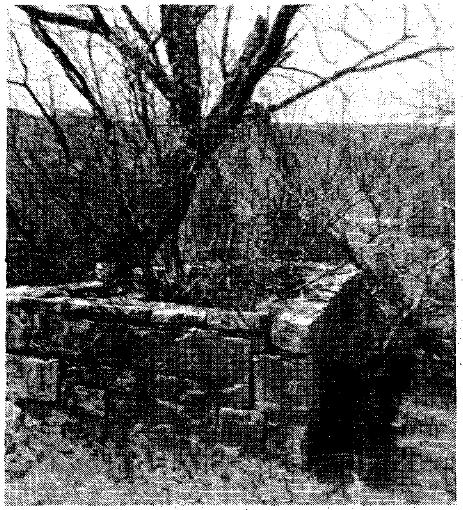
There have been many sporadic and loving, thankless efforts in the past years given to keeping Evergreen from being forgotten. Those who most immediately come to mind are Worthy and DeEtte Newcomb in the 1920s and '30s; Amy R. Thurber (not Anna as the article stated) in the 1940s; and from the 1930s onward, over forty years, Charles and LaSalle Bachelder. Charles passed away last year at the age of eighty-seven, but his widow is constantly out on HELP's workdays using the shovel and clippers along with those half her age.

As chairman of HELP I am always available to answer any inquiries or questions anyone may have concerning Evergreen, its restoration, preservation or the history of the area and the Pioneers resting there.—Renie Leaman, Chairman, HELP, P. O. Box 246, Santa Cruz, California 95061

From the author: My article was written in September of 1973, submitted for publication shortly thereafter, accepted for publication early in 1974, but was not published until November 1974—approximately one year later. It appears much has happened in that year. After we moved to Santa Cruz I spent much of my leisure time strolling through Evergreen, pulling weeds from around graves, and during that period could not help but see the progressive deterioration of the cemetery. One day I became aware of the number of broken and missing headstones and fences during this eight year span, and realized Evergreen was headed for the same fate as many other old cemeteries—thus, the reason for my article. I am happy to learn of the measures taken to preserve the old cemetery and even more happy to learn that others also care.

The snapshots sent with the article should bear some credibility to its context. All names, dates, and places were taken directly from papers shown me by Mrs. LaSalle Bachelder who has spent a great deal of time compiling data on those buried there, so if any of the information is wrong, all I can say is that

my statements were taken directly from Mrs. Bachelder's records.



Graves on the Steiner Ranch. Can anyone help Mrs. Myrick?

Grave Inscriptions of the 1800s

This picture was taken on the Steiner Ranch, six miles south of Austin, Texas off Ranch Road 620. The rocks are not put together with concrete—it is a rough finish. There are at least ten more graves outside the fence with markers of just rocks from around here. I was able to read only these inscriptions I've enclosed.

In Memory of
Margreat McCormick
Borned May 13, 1831 Died October 31, 1875
Thanks be to God witch givith us the victory
Son
W. M. McCormick
Borned Dec. 2, 18-- Died ---, 1882

J. A. Enuch
Borned April 4, 1824 Died --- 6, 1897
A Sinner Saved by Christ

S. T. Wade
Borned October 8, 1831
Died Feb. 10, 18---
May He Rest in Peace

If anyone has any information, it would be appreciated.—Minnie Myrick, Rt. 9, Box 790, Austin, Texas 78703

A Rodeo Clown and His Dog

(Continued from page 24)

coming through the corral. He had the duck by the neck and had thrown him over his neck like a coyote carries a chicken. He was bringing him back from the road. When he dropped the duck it just shook itself and walked off. Finally that duck got so he stayed away from the road.

TATERS was sure a good watch dog. He never followed unless we called him. One Saturday Red and me were exercising the horses and we rode over the hills. On our way back, when we got in sight of the barn, we saw smoke and figured the barn was on fire. We rode to beat the band and sure enough the end of the barn was afire where the hot water heater was. Taters was barking and grabbing burning pieces, trying to put it out. Most of his hair was burnt off and he had made so much noise the neighbors saw the fire and were helping fight it.

When we got the fire out I took Taters to the veterinarian. He was burnt pretty bad and couldn't hardly move. We had to leave him at the hospital for ten days. Red and I went twice a day to see him. Seems like us humans never appreciate what we have or love till something happens and we lose it.

I have seen kids that lost their dog cry and cry. I hadn't cried for a long time but I sure let loose and so did Red. Between the doctor, Red, and me, Taters was well taken care of. He was getting around on three legs in about six weeks, and making his rounds again. We could hear the door bang when he went out and the hole bang when he came in. I could hear his claws as he went across the floor back to his bed. He always took a deep breath and let it out with a sigh when he laid down, as much as to say everything's under control.

It was the night before Christmas and Red and me were looking forward to a big turkey dinner at Sally's. My girl lived in Burbank and Red and me always got a square meal every Sunday. Her mother (Sally) always invited us to dinner—boy, she sure was a good cook.

Red went across the road to buy some carrots for the horses at a Japanese gardener's. Taters went with him. The Japanese had a female dog tied up and told Red he had better keep Taters tied up for a while; he was always over there and the gardener didn't want any puppies. Red told him he would, and he came home and tied Taters up.

When I came home that evening Taters was tied up and he sure begged me to turn him loose. I didn't know what Red had tied him up for, so I set him free.

The Greenwalds had a Christmas tree and my girl and her brother came down after us to go see the Christmas tree. Her brother was a doctor. We sure had a good time. Red got a pair of suspenders and I got a necktie. They even had a bone on the tree wrapped up for Taters. We got home late.

Next morning we couldn't find Taters. We called and called, and finally found him across the road in the Japanese's garden. He couldn't walk and had been shot with a .22 rifle. We took him to the bunkhouse and called the vet but we couldn't get him on account of it being Christmas. So my girl Jeannette's doctor brother examined Taters.

He said there was nothing we could do. The bullet had gone in and Taters was bleeding inside. The doctor gave him a shot of morphine to ease the pain.

We all got Taters in a box on a pillow and put him in the car and drove to the police station. I knew the chief of police very well and told him the whole story and showed him Taters. The chief had seen him work at shows with me. We were all crying and, believe it or not, that policeman cried with us. He said he would arrest the gardener but we couldn't prove that he shot Taters so it would do no good.

(Continued)

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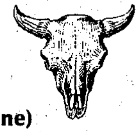

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We all went to the Greenwalds and did all we could for Taters but he died in my arms just before dinner. Red and me couldn't eat. We took Taters and went home and buried him at the end of the barn.

I never clowned at another show. When Taters quit, I did too. I could hear the bangs for years every night—Taters going out to make his rounds—and hear him sigh when he came in and laid down. I have heard it so plain I'd sit up in bed. I will never forget Taters, he was my pardner.

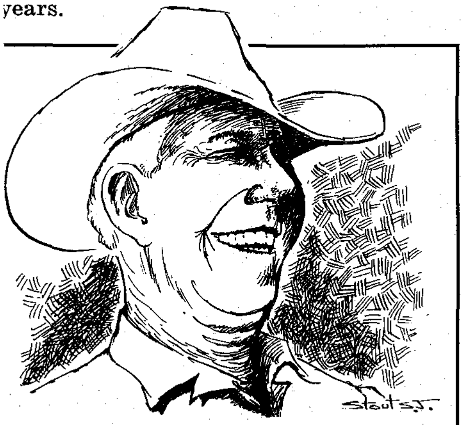
There must be a dog heaven, because I know Taters had a soul, same as I have. How could there help but be a dog heaven, where loved ones meet in the hereafter? And Taters got there. He was that kind of a dog.

When I leave this earth and get to the end of the way, I know Taters will be looking for me and wagging his tail.

Feuding with the Southern Pacific

(Continued from page 15)

He deeded land to the early churches and schools, and for a courthouse when Terrell County was created in 1905. He gave land to his namesake Wilson Banner, son of W. J. Banner who ranched on the Pecos River and served as Terrell County Commissioner for many years.



Willie Banner, son of W. J. and namesake of Wilson, is the recognized historian and story-teller of pioneer Sanderson. He helped the author in the preparation of his story.

THE old Cottage Bar Saloon became well known over the Southwest. It was the only place in town where railroad and stockmen could loaf, drink, read the papers, play poker or merely pass the time.

Some of the railroad officials believed Wilson was getting too much of their employes' time and money. They charged that train crew members drank and gambled during their lay-over and were not in condition to take charge of a train. Evidently the idea still rankled that Charley had outsmarted the railroad corporation.

When a new division superintendent, and ardent prohibitionist, took over at Sanderson, he bitterly resented what he saw at the Cottage Bar. He had the company surveyors recheck the land which the railroad had most reluctantly purchased from Charley. The new survey showed that the Cottage Bar Saloon was located on a portion of railroad land.

The superintendent hastened to the saloon and, so that numerous patrons could hear, told Charley that he would have to move. He must have thought that with the saloon closed, its owner would have to leave town! Charley listened courteously, and quietly admitted that his building edged over on railroad land and he would close the saloon. The superintendent was surprised at Wilson's calm submission and apparently considered the matter settled.

A few mornings later the round house crew found Charley Wilson and several helpers busy unloading lumber, and hammering and sawing in one end of the building. The shop foreman rushed over and objected in good railroad words, but Wilson and his men kept on working. The station agent was called in but he too failed to stop the strange goings-on. The division superintendent hastened over to stop this nonsense but the work went on. When high officials finally arrived in Sanderson, Charley Wilson was was in firm possession of one end of the roundhouse.

"What do you mean by taking charge of railroad property? What do you think you are doing, anyhow? Don't you realize you are interfering with the work of a public carrier and thus violating the law?" Such questions were quickly fired at Wilson, who remained calm.

As the crowd of railroad workers, officials, and carpenters listened intently, Wilson answered all the questions with, "Why, I'm movin' my saloon into this roundhouse right here. This part is on my land. I've had this land surveyed and your building here juts over onto my property. Please get off!" The old man and his carpenters resumed work.

The railroad men were flabbergasted. They simply could not permit a saloon to operate in their shops. It was bad enough to see the grins on the faces of the railroad workers, who silently backed the friendly Wilson against the "soulless corporation."

One official suggested that maybe Charley was running a bluff, as he was noted for doing in his nightly poker games. So the best company surveyors were again brought to Sanderson. Lines were run and re-run. Alas, Charley Wilson had again outwitted C. P. Huntington's giant corporation.

Now, the officials were eager to compromise—on almost any terms. Charley showed a poker face. In the final agreement he moved back into the Cottage Bar and let the railroad have its roundhouse. One concession, however, was that free and unlimited water was piped into the saloon from the railroad water tank for the rest of Wilson's life. Although water was no prime commodity in the saloon, the concession could prove most valuable to Wilson's other nearby building, for water was always precious in dry West Texas.

CHARLEY had smooth sailing with the railroad from that time on, with one exception. A new station agent saw him taking coal from a railroad bin on the siding and carrying it to the saloon. When the agent charged the Irishman with taking company property, the latter had this explanation: "I had a wheelbarrow full of coal in that bin when a carload of coal was dumped right on

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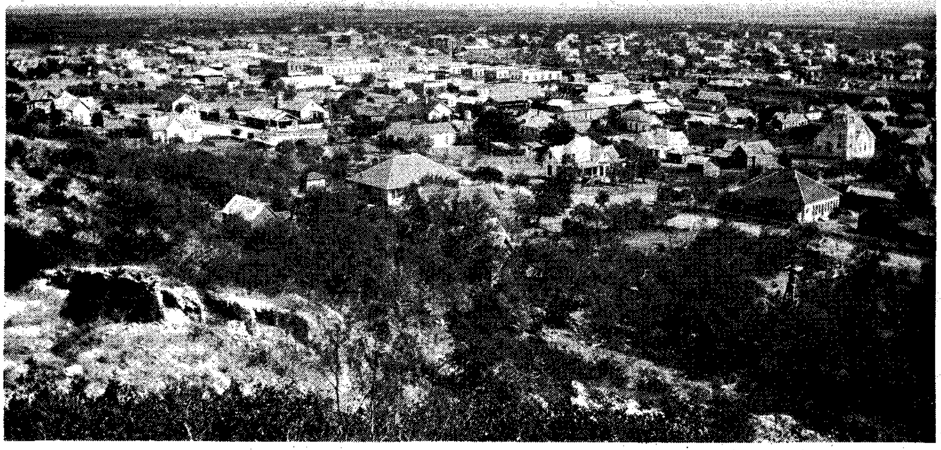

Sanderson, Texas about 1936.

top of it. I've simply been digging down to my wheelbarrow!" The railroad workmen liked that answer too.

No doubt Southern Pacific officials were satisfied with the unwritten and mutually understood truce with Charley Wilson for the next three decades. The officials knew also that railroad workers in Sanderson admired "Uncle Charley" and respected him in that day when open saloons were "vital" to the economy of most tough Western towns—and Sanderson was wild and woolly in its early days.

W. P. (Bill) Murphy, the first postmaster in Marfa, Texas, never forgot his reception in Sanderson when he got off the train there in 1883. The Bath, Maine youth in his "dude" Eastern garb made his way to a tent near the station to get something to eat. He saw that a restaurant was in one end and a saloon in the other and he saw that everyone in the tent had a six-shooter buckled around the waist. Suddenly several shots were directed at the boy's feet. Charley Wilson hurried to the tenderfoot's rescue and escorted him back to the station. Murphy forgot about eating, and would have returned home but did not have the money.

T. R. Kuykendall, in 1937, told me that when he and his wife went to Sanderson to work for his brother-in-law, Joe Kerr, in the latter's general merchandise store, the town was one tough place. Although the number of actual residents numbered only about 150, the population usually was far greater. Drinking, gambling and shooting were common and there was little law enforcement. A woman dared not appear on the streets unescorted. The place was so raw and rough that Kuykendall moved his family away but later returned when Sanderson became the county seat.

The *Handbook of Texas* describes early Sanderson as frequented by gunmen, outlaws, rustlers and border bandits. Gold seekers looking for the "Lost Nigger Mine" added more excitement for several years.

OLD-TIMERS in Sanderson described Charley Wilson as quiet and easy going, with a keen sense of humor. He played poker day and night, but he was a money-maker without greed. In 1938 Jack Ryan told me that, after fifty years of railroading over the Old West, he would still pick Charley Wilson as "the most colorful character" he ever met and he had known them all, including Roy Bean.

S. P. Peterson, old railroader and former justice of the peace in Sanderson, stated in 1941 that Roy Bean set up his tent saloon in Sanderson after Wilson had his own tent saloon in operation. Bean had to pitch his tent on Wilson's land— none was for sale or lease to a competitor. Bean's sale stock was one barrel of whiskey.

One night this whiskey barrel was "doctored" liberally with kerosene. Some said Charley slipped the coal oil into the whiskey barrel while others said a Mexican was hired to do it. Bean folded his tent and moved eastward along the track to Eagle's Nest, then later to Vinegaroon which became Langtry. Bean became a legend to fiction writers and scenarists but to Peterson he was more of a clown than anything else. Peterson was really the law west of "The Law West of the Pecos" (Bean's boast).

Charley Wilson later allowed other saloons to operate on his land. About 1900 Sanderson, with a resident population of 112, had five saloons competing with the old Cottage Bar. These were operated by Oswald, Harrell, Matthews, Marcus and Flores. In 1905 the population had grown to only 121.

Charley Wilson never expected his town to rival El Paso or San Antonio. He sold town lots and collected rentals but he was far from being a selfish old bachelor. He helped people who were in need but he shunned deadbeats. He always had candy and fruit to give to children. In 1905 he was one of a group of citizens who went to Austin and met with the State Legislature to get Terrell County created. He became the first justice of the peace in the county.

GRADUALLY the open range west of the Pecos was claimed by both sheepmen and cowmen. Charles Downie, R. C. Paxton, G. A. Purington and D. Hart were among the big wool growers. Among the leading cowmen were D. Hart, the Dull brothers, W. H. Mansfield, W. H. Lemons, H. J. Parkingham, the Reagan brothers of gold mine fame and the Pecos Land and Company, M. H. Goode, W. J. Banner and others. The ranchmen usually moved their families into town for the children to attend school. Wilson's town property thus grew from ranch and railroad income.

The story is told that a drifting sheepman came to Charley Wilson to buy food supplies, stating that he had no money but did have several hundred head of sheep. Wilson took the sheepman's rifle as security. The sheepman eventually came to own more than 300 square miles of good ranchland.

Charley loved to joke and play pranks. Sam Sing, veteran of the Chinese track-laying crew and owner of a restaurant for many years, kept up a friendly feud with Charley. Charley kept a coyote chained near his saloon for train passengers to see and, by placing a trail of shelled corn from the saloon to the back of the cafe, Sam Sing's chickens were lured to the foe. Charley laughed that the coyote did not cost a penny to feed. One day, however, Sam Sing caught Charley dropping the corn and presented him a bill for all the lost chickens.

Charley drilled wells and helped to build schools and churches. In 1910 he realized that time had caught up with him and that the pioneer days were gone. He sold all his property, went to California and spent his remaining days there.

In June 1965 a devastating wall of water swept down Sanderson Canyon and wrought havoc upon the town founded by Charley Wilson. Many lives were lost among the 2,350 residents. Property losses ran into millions. Railroad tracks and highways were swept away. The business section of town suffered great damage but the residential area was fortunately on higher ground. The last trace of Charley Wilson's old Cottage Bar went with the flood.

The citizens, with outside help, resolutely rebuilt and the town remains a credit to its founder.

The Sum Of My Days

(Continued from page 50)

River in what is now Nevada, at a place called "Podunk" by the Indians, which meant "poor place," and indeed it was. When Nevada decided to claim the area, Brigham Young called Allen and the rest of all the settlers back to Long Valley in Utah. After several years of back-breaking labor, a crop was produced and taken by the grasshoppers. The family then moved to Orderville, Utah in 1875 where they became part of the "United Order," a community living arrangement practiced by the Mormon settlers. In 1886 the family moved back to Manti for a short period, and then to the new settlement of Huntington in Emery County. Here Joseph Stewart Allen died on April 25, 1889. He had twenty children, fifteen of whom lived to maturity.

During his lifetime he had fought Indians, mobs and outlaws, but held no malice toward any of them. He numbered among his friends Chief Walker of the Utes, Orrin Porter Rockwell, Brigham Young, and the Mormon Prophet Joseph Smith. It is to his credit that he was respected by all of them. Having once saved the life of Joseph Smith, that religious leader ever after called him "Gospel" Allen; he lived his faith, and honored it until his death at the age of eighty-two.

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 51)

nia. He married Palomii Rosales there May 22, 1864. Did they have children? Marriage witnesses were A. E. Barton and George Markwood. Daniel died suddenly December 3, 1866. He is buried in old Jesus Maria cemetery, now abandoned and within the town of Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County, California. Was he related to Alonzo D. Gorham, also a Forty-niner, who returned to Sherburne, New York and became a merchant and banker there?

Am searching for information, too, about Sarah P. Arthurs Bell, born about 1865 in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania. She was the wife of John W. Bell, also born in Pennsylvania between 1855 and 1860. They owned a ranch in Miami County, Kansas in the 1890s. He was an attorney and editor-publisher of a weekly newspaper there. A son, name unknown, was born about 1896 (in Kansas?). He may have died young. John died in 1905 in Indiana. Sarah was in El Paso, Texas in 1901. Did she have a daughter there? Where was her residence after that, and date and place of death?—Mrs. C. E. Martin, 13251 Fairmont Way, Santa Ana, California 92705

Hocker

John Austin left Tennessee for Illinois during the early days of the Civil War and came on to Texas about 1875. His daughter, Fleety (possibly Fleta) Austin Hocker, lived for a time in San Antonio and later moved to Hot Springs, Arkansas. Mrs. Hocker is known to have had two sons who, if still living, would probably be in their seventies. I should like very much to hear from either of these men or their descendants.—Mrs. Ruth Austin Hokett, 2534 Alco Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75211

Bee-Hobart

I am seeking relatives or people with articles (swords, guns, etc.) relating to either H. P. Bee of Texas (Conferedate General) or H. C. Hobart of Wisconsin (Union Brevet General). Any help will be appreciated.—James Sutsness, 301 Leta Drive, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80911

Gacson-Tucker-Haynes-Merritt-Hope-Moon

I am seeking information on George Tucker and Edna Haynes. They were married around 1895 or '96. After the death of George, Edna married a man named Robertson. Also would appreciate information on Elie Merritt and Katherine Hope, married in Scurry County, Texas.

I am also seeking information on John Moon, son of Jim Moon. Jim is said to be a full-blood Blackfoot Indian. Would also like to hear of Joe and Elisabeth Gacson of Texas.

I will answer all letters.—Mrs. Pat Tucker, General Delivery, Farmington, New Mexico 87401

Jones-Butram

I am looking for information on descendants of Nancy Jones, born July 13, 1824, married Benjamin Bailey. They settled in Indiana, probably in Johnson County. Her sister, Elizabeth, married John Pleasants and settled in Davis County, Iowa. There was another sister, Sinah, who married a John Williams and settled in Bourbon County, Kansas. There were seven sons and three daughters in this family. The oldest children were born in Wayne County, Kentucky, the rest of the family was born in Johnson County, Indiana.

Their father, my great-great-grandfather, Wiley Jones was a circuit rider Methodist minister. He rode the circuit along the Wabash in Indiana and later settled in Cass County, Missouri. He later was a reverend and justice of the peace in Prairie City, Kansas in 1858. He also owned one of the four sawmills in Prairie City. One of Wiley's sons was my great-grandfather, Alfred Wiley Jones; other sons were James, John, Wilson, Abner, William and Jacob Jones. Their mother's name was Abigail Butram, married in 1823 in Wayne County, Kentucky.—Earl G. Jones, 1029 Columbia Avenue, Moses Lake, Washington 98837

Weese

Katherine Weese Heater (Heatter) formerly of Stark County, Peoria, Illinois, and daughter of George Weese and Anna Streetmatter Weese, came from Germany. She had a brother called Louis George Weese. If anyone knew Katherine and if there are descendants, please write.—Sheila Weese, 934 East Dryden Street, Glendale, California 91207

Kimball

I am trying to find any information on Thomas Kimball, born in Boscawen, New Hampshire, year unknown. He came west to Woodstock, Illinois in 1839 with his brother (?) Jonathan and Jonathan's family. Then in 1849 he moved to Weeping Water, Nebraska with Jonathan's son James. There they each filed on a section of land. James moved back to Illinois in 1853; his wife had died of cholera. What happened to Thomas? Where did he go from there? He did not return with James and his children.

Was Thomas the founder of Kimball, Nebraska? Any information will be greatly appreciated. I will answer anyone who writes with information.—Mrs. Linda Loomis, 11037 McGovney, Mokena, Illinois 60448

Boltz

I would like to hear from anyone who might know of, or be descendants of, the John Boltz family. Some of the family went by the name of Pulse. This distinction being made on or before their coming to the United States long before the Revolutionary War.

This family was in Indiana prior to the time they came to Missouri in the early 1850s. They had migrated from Pennsylvania to Indiana. It is possible there is

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someone who can help me with this history.

This was a large family and a number of them fought in the Civil War—John Boltz and his son, William, being casualties.

Any information would be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. N. C. Kapfer, 3 Vista Drive, Kirksville, Missouri 63501

Culbertson

I am the son of Samuel Burl Culbertson, who was born and raised in Liberty Hill and Georgetown, Texas. John George Culbertson, my grandfather, married a Mrs. Allen, who had four children. Her husband had been killed in the Civil War. Mrs. Allen and John George had four more children. Burl, one of the latter four, was my father. He raised his five children in southern Oklahoma and worked in the oil fields most of his life. I would like information concerning his half-Cherokee mother. If any relatives or old friends of the Culbertson family in Central Texas have any knowledge of her, I would appreciate hearing from them. —Marvin E. Culbertson, Box 109, Route 2, Madill, Oklahoma 73446

"My Back Feels Some Better Tonight"

(Continued from page 33)

out with no fire and maybe the baby would be born or Dee might get sick, so he went to the store in Payne and bought a little King Heater for the wagon. Now we can stay warm. We will use the joint of stove pipe we found and Thomas is going to run the pipe out the back of the wagon sheet and put an elbow on and that will make it draw real good. Keeping that joint of pipe we found saved us 12 cents. We will not use the stove unless the weather gets real bad or the baby is borned early. The lantern does a pretty good job of keeping the wagon warm.

Nov. 16th: We have crossed a little creek called Thin Creek today and then we crossed the South Canadian River. It was dry as a bone and we drove right across on the sand bed. Thomas says when there is water in the river there is quicksand in there too, but not when the river is dry. I was afraid anyway but he just laughed at me.

We came into this little place called Lexington, right smack dab on the banks of the river and there is a horse jockey here who runs a wagon yard. That is where we are camped tonight. The men are over talking to the horse jockey and me and Virgie finally got all the kids to sleep. I am going to bed as soon as I finish writing in my book. We did not have to pay the horse jockey for camping here. Thomas said he made his money trading horses with campers. Another 25 cents got saved that way. My back hurts something awful and Virgie rubbed it with liniment before she went to bed. I dread the nights as my back keeps me awake.

Thursday, Nov. 17: We got about 9 miles from Lexington and stopped to talk to a farmer working beside the road. It was on the side of a steep hill and the horses needed to rest, so Thomas and Fate scotched the wagon wheels with good big rocks and sat on the rail fence by the road talking to the man for quite a while. The man was looking for hired help and Fate made a deal with him to help him put in his crops for the next year. We left Fate and Virgie there and came on to Pond Creek and rested the teams awhile. The kids found some big hickory nuts. They picked up a half bushel. Pretty soon we came to an old deserted town. We drove right through the old main street and come on about a mile and found this old cotton gin and a little store. The man let us camp here by the gin and after supper he and the missus came out and visited with us a spell. They seem like rite nice people.

FRIDAY, NOV. 18: We drove due east almost all day. Not much road through here—just prairie grass half way up the horses' sides. At last we turned due north until we come to Shawnee. We will be at Tecumseh soon and Thomas says it is a big place with trolley cars and brick paved streets and automobiles. The kids are sure excited about seeing the trolley cars and mobiles.

We are now camped on the Salt Creek bottoms and the roads today have been the worst I ever saw. It has either been prairie with no roads at all or bottoms with deep, rutted roads which shake you to pieces. Thomas is afraid he will break a wheel on the deep chug holes. I will be glad when we get to Mrs. Summers' but it is a far piece yet, I reckon.

Crops are sure fine tho around here, and Thomas says the corn will go 50 bu. to the acre and the cotton a bale an acre easy. Abner's old mare got loose in the night but she was no trouble to catch.

Saturday, Nov. 19: Tecumseh was even bigger than we thought it would be. We drove right down broadway and the trolley was running and tooting its horn and blowing a whistle, and there was three automobiles trying to get down broadway and lots and lots of wagons and buggies, some with tops up, and saddle ponies everywhere. What made it so bad was that our horses were scared to death of the mobiles and trolley and Thomas and Abner had to get out and hold onto the bits to keep them from running away. The horses were trembling and almost squatting down they were so scared. They tried to run away for at least half a mile and Thomas had to keep his foot on the brake for all that distance.

We met another mobile late that evening but the driver was real nice. When he seen the teams were so scared of the mobile he pulled over and killed his engine until we got past him. The teams were so afraid that the men folks had to get down and lead them past the mobile. I forgot to say that the streets in Tecumseh were just crowded with people. I guess there must have been at least a hundred.

We are camped about a couple of miles out of town and the kids begged Thomas to walk back up town with them to see the sights but Thomas was too tired after fighting the horses to keep them from running away. Everyone is in bed but me, and I am going soon for the lantern is just about out of oil.

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Nov. 20: Got a late start today as it is Sunday and we just drove four miles and come to a store named Neal, and four miles on we stopped for dinner right in the edge of town at a good well of water at a farm house. We then drove on to Little, which was five miles, then made four more miles and are camped for the night. That makes 17 miles that were drove today and Thomas was right, the roads are not near so rough. My back feels some better tonight. Near Little there is a graveyard right beside the road and they were digging a grave there. It is a right pretty graveyard.

A man by the name of Simpson is camped with us tonight and some folks who live near the camp ground named Teague come over and sat a spell before bed time. They seemed like real nice people.

Monday, Nov. 21: We got off late again and just got to a little place called Sylvan which was only about three miles from camp. We ate dinner there and Thomas bought three more loaves of light bread and a big stick of bologna. We ate in a hurry and did not even unhitch the teams. We just pulled the bridles off so they could eat. We come on through Schoolton and on to the North Canadian River to camp for the night. The roads are still better and I feel a lot better, but traveling across the new state of Oklahoma in a covered wagon ain't no place for a woman in a family way.

TUESDAY, NOV. 22: We started real early, just about daylight, but we got on the wrong road and drove three or four miles. By the time we got back on the right road it was way up in the morning.

Wed., No. 23: We made a good drive today and come through Okemah about nine o'clock in the morning. East of Okemah, Abner found a gold ring in the road. We come on four miles and camped in a big pasture. All day we were going through the big pasture and we saw Indians all day. They ride their ponies along the top of the ridges and just sit there as if they are watching us. Thomas says they are just curious and won't hurt us but it makes me uneasy the way they keep following us.

A few of them have ridden by the wagon a couple of times and Thomas always says hello to them but they just grunt and quirt their ponies and ride by real fast. Once we came to a big swinging gate and met an old, old Indian man with long hair all braided with red calico and turkey feathers. Thomas asked him a question about the road and he just stared at us and rode off without answering but he looked awful mean. I guess I would hate white folks too if they had treated me like they have the Indians.

We came through an oil field and there was great big black iron tanks right near the road. They have little round dams built around all the tanks. Some men with teams of mules hitched to fresnoes were scooping out more dams so I guess they are going to build more tanks for the oil.

We got through Okmulgee alrite and are camped on a big creek bank. Abner and Thomas are going to set out some hooks and see if they can catch a mess of fish.

Friday, Nov. 24: We crossed the old condemned bridge and found some big pecans in the bottom and we stopped and rested the teams while the kids all picked up pecans. We come through Morris Town and saw some more of the big oil tanks. The oil smelled strong, just like coal oil. We went through Boynton and we crossed the river on a big iron bridge. I was feeling so sick that Thomas camped a little early and Media had to cook supper for all of us. She did a good job too, for an eight year old girl. Her biscuits were real light but she burned the skillet of potatoes just a little.

An apple wagon came along. The man had apples stuck up on a big forked stick and he had sorghum molasses to sell also, and the kids keep saying what he said as he drove along. Ever little bit he would call out, "Apples. Apples. Winesap Apples and sorghum molasses." The kids thought it was real funny. We bought a bushel of apples and had to pay 25 cents a bushel. The sorghum was 30 cents a gallon and Thomas never bought any. He said Mrs. Summers would have a barrel full of molasses.

Friday, Nov. 25: We drove from the big bridge to Muskogee and we are camped in the wagon yard. I felt so bad I just wanted to lie down so Thomas took the kids and walked up town to see the sights. I am going straight to bed.

Saturday, Nov. 26th: We drove out of Muskogee in a hard rain. I am so sick that I forgot my tea kettle and left it setting on the camp fire at the wagon yard. We are staying at the wagon yard in Manard [?] tonight and Thomas says we should get to Mrs. Summers' place tomorrow.

I am real anxious to get there for I think the baby might be borned early. The rough roads bothered me so much I haven't really felt good since. Seems as if a little thing like that should not bother a body but my back sure hurts me.

Sunday, Nov. 27: We finally got here to Mrs. Summers' and none too soon for the rain has turned to sleet and it is spitting snow and is very cold with a north wind blowing. It is the worst weather we have had on the trip. I feel lots better now that we are here. Tonight I am going to sleep in one of Mrs. Summers feather beds.

Frank Alvin Gotch, Wrestler

(Continued from page 19)

Gotch lost to Jim Jenkins, three finish matches out of seven, but during one contest Gotch was ill and wrestled against the advice of his physician, and on other occasions they wrestled under Graeco-Roman rules which outlawed Gotch's famous toe-hold.

The Iowa strong man lost to Fred Beal in New Orleans when his head struck a corner post, but he later defeated Beal in Kansas City; twice in Chicago; in Denver; in Des Moines; and in Wichita, Kansas. He also beat McLeod twice in Vancouver, in Montreal, and in Waterloo, Iowa. In one of his early matches, Gotch defeated his opponent, then wrapped him up in the wrestling mat to the great delight of the spectators.

FRANK A. GOTCH

Gotch was as handsome as a matinee idol.

In spite of many offers to move to a large city, Gotch remained a small-town boy, always billing himself from Humboldt where he established training quarters in 1911 and drew such topnotchers of the day as Ruby, McMillan, Zybysko, Dr. Roller, and Ordeman as spar mates. Many special trains ran to Humboldt carrying sports fans merely to see the great Gotch in training.

He was an all-around athlete, a fast runner, a better than average baseball player, and he could throw the twelve-pound hammer farther with one hand than any athlete who ever competed against him. His body showed no bulging muscles, which perhaps accounted for his great speed. He could run the 100-yard dash in twelve seconds.

GOTCH traveled with the Sells-Floto circus at $1,200 a week, meeting all comers, after he had twice defeated George Hackenschmidt in Chicago. In the first match the "Russian Lion," as Hackenschmidt was called, was acknowledged the world's champion and Gotch the American champion, a title he had won from Tom Jenkins in 1905. The first match with Hackenschmidt was headlined in every Chicago paper.

Gotch was cautious because of the Russian's tremendous reputation, but wore him down and was universally acclaimed as champion of the mat. The second time they met, Gotch defeated Hack quickly. Although Gotch was the title holder at the time of the second match, he got only $21,000 out of receipts of $87,953 while the Russian got the lion's share— $43,437.

Gotch made a trip to Alaska and the Klondike but found no one who could extend him. He then unwisely allowed himself to engage in a boxing match

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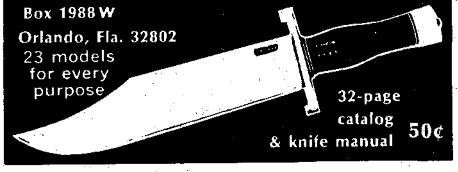

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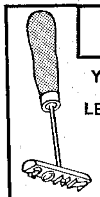

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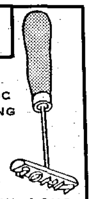

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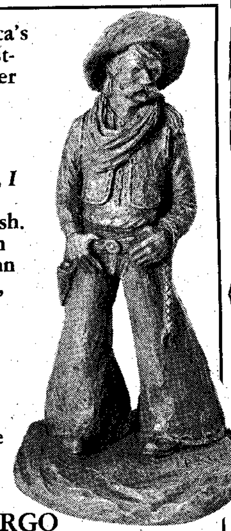

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with Frank Slavin, a journeyman boxer known as "Sidney Cornstalk." Wrestling muscles are developed for strength in pulling, not striking, and Slavin was an easy victor. However, it was reported that Gotch returned from the North with $35,000 in a leather bag.

The Iowan had signed to tour with the Barnum and Bailey Circus but in August 1917, became ill when riding with friends to Sac City for the harness races. Gotch revived and greeted friends with his old-time enthusiasm, but on the return trip he said he was tired out and he slept much of the way.

E. T. Gunderson of Dakota City, only two miles from Humboldt, told of his recollections of the Iowa matman. "I first saw him in 1910 and I thought I had never seen such a perfect physical specimen," Gunderson said. "But in the late summer of 1917 I saw him lying in a canvas reclining chair. His face was yellow and his eyes were dark and sunken. A friend walked up and Gotch tried to rise, but fell back. He held up his right hand and his friend clasped it. Before the year was over he had died."

Gotch was only thirty-nine years old when he passed from this scene. He had won more than 200 matches. More than 5,000 persons attended the funeral services.

An attractive park in his home-town is named for him, and in the museum is a cigar box showing that a cigar was named for him. That was a status symbol in his day. Once a year a Frank Gotch Day is held and old-timers come from miles around to recall the speed and prowess of the Iowan who remained a small-town boy to the end.

Courtesy Douglas County Museum

Bradley and one of the Wright brothers in the pole corral at Bradley Flats.

Last of the Mountain Men

(Continued from page 18)

to ship and it'll rot before I get time to stretch it on a board."

"I look. I see vat them come to." Schloemann thumbed through his fur price list. "Bradley, I tink two-fifty all I can giff you for dat hide."

Bill pocketed the money and rode on.

"Mama, Mama, come see what I got from old Bradley," Schloemann hollered to his wife, waving the black skin. By then he was having second thoughts about his bargain. "Two-fifty I paid him, maybe I get two bits for it." When Schloemann's check came for his shipment to the St. Louis fur company, at the bottom was written "20¢—cat hide."

But if Bill tricked people occasionally, he also had a soft heart for his many friends. Deardorff, who ran a grist mill at Oakland and had no time to hunt, could expect two grain sacks of dried jerky and smoked venison hams each fall. Grandma Shrum, Glide pioneer, was nursed through a sick spell on broth made from Bradley jerky.

Young people loved Bill for his colorful stories. He'd tell them how the cougars scratched on his roof at night and howled down his chimney until even his hound dogs were scared and crawled under the bunk.

One of the children's favorite tales was about a bear. Bill said he shot at a huge brown bear, maybe a grizzly, with his single-shot Stevens. The shell stuck in his gun and he couldn't reload. The first bullet hadn't stopped the bear and the enraged animal charged him. Bill threw the gun down and climbed a lodgepole pine to save his life. The wounded bear walked around the tree, picked up the gun, clawed it open and pried out the shell. Then, according to Bill, the bear motioned for him to throw down his cartridge belt. "But you know, I sure's fate didn't do it." Bill would say. "Why, if that smart old bear had another shell, he'd of up and shot me plum dead."

Other bears, less inventive, furnished "b'ar grease for biskits." Bill's nephew, George Neal, remembered a feast of such biscuits and roast venison, cooked in a Dutch oven over the fireplace.

Late in the summer of 1909, Bill Bradley told his sister he was coming out of the mountains to stay. He'd sell the horses, he said, leave the cabin to them that wants it, and move down where the livin's a little easier. Might even marry a certain widow woman who'd been makin' sweet talk, he joked.

But Bill didn't move out right away. In November he was returning from Alturas with supplies enough to last one more winter in the hills. He crossed the flooding river, turned the horses loose and carried his packs into the cabin. He had completed a long, hard ride. He must have been cold, wet and hungry, but he went back out into the storm. Why?

When Perry and John Wright found Bradley some time later, he was down the trail. He had few clothes on and he was barely conscious. On the back of his head, a nasty wound had begun to swell. He was paralyzed on one side. Wright knew he had been in the cabin, for in front of the fireplace were the wet packs and some of the supplies he had brought from Alturas, all spread out to dry. What, or who, lured him back into the stormy winter night?

Perry Wright carried Bill to his bunk and then started the long trip down the Umpqua to get help. Crossing Steamboat and Rock Creek, both bank-full, was perilous. When he neared Glide, he found that the Lone Rock ferry had washed downstream in the flood. Perry went hand-over-hand across the ferry cable, his feet almost touching the swirling torrent. At Glide, he cranked the handle of the Forest Service phone on the Ranger oak tree and asked the Roseburg operator to find a doctor for Bradley.

Young Doctor E. B. Stewart, just beginning his practice in Roseburg, returned with Perry to the mountains. The trip was long, wet and miserably cold. When they reached Bradley Flats after many hours of climbing, wading, rafting and hiking, they found that Bill had died.

Dr. Stewart recalled, "We built a big fire. I had some aspirin and a quart of whiskey in my bag. I prescribed 20-grain aspirin and a glass of spirits all around and that was our Thanksgiving. We got up the next morning and buried Bill with a busted shovel in a plot of ground a rod or two from his cabin. He was buried shallow. We did the best we could to plant him properly, but the ground there was confoundedly rocky."

The official record at the Douglas County Courthouse states, "Died between November 24-29, 1909, due to counter comp. fracture of skull."

Unanswered questions surround Bradley's death. Why did the man go back outside, once he'd reached the cabin's sheltering warmth? What became of his saddle horse? Where were his bank books and his gold? (No one ever found his horse, the saddle, the bank accounts, or the buried gold. Recently, searchers went over the flat with metal detectors without results.)

Was Bradley's death an accident? Did he fall because of the paralytic stroke? Was he murdered by some robber?

Over the years an oak thicket has grown up, obscuring Bill's grave, but the stories go on and speculation about him persists. For certain, the mountain man under that Dry Creek tombstone lived hard, died mysteriously in his middle years, and left a legend larger than the few facts that remain.

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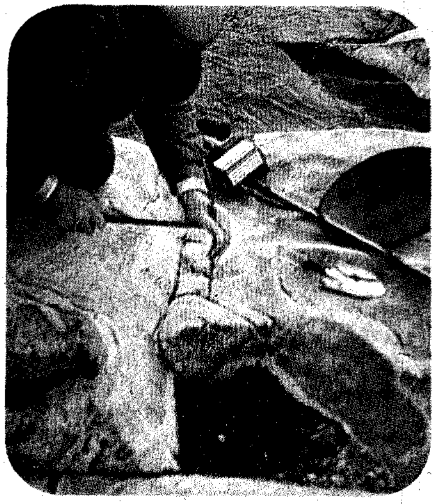

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